

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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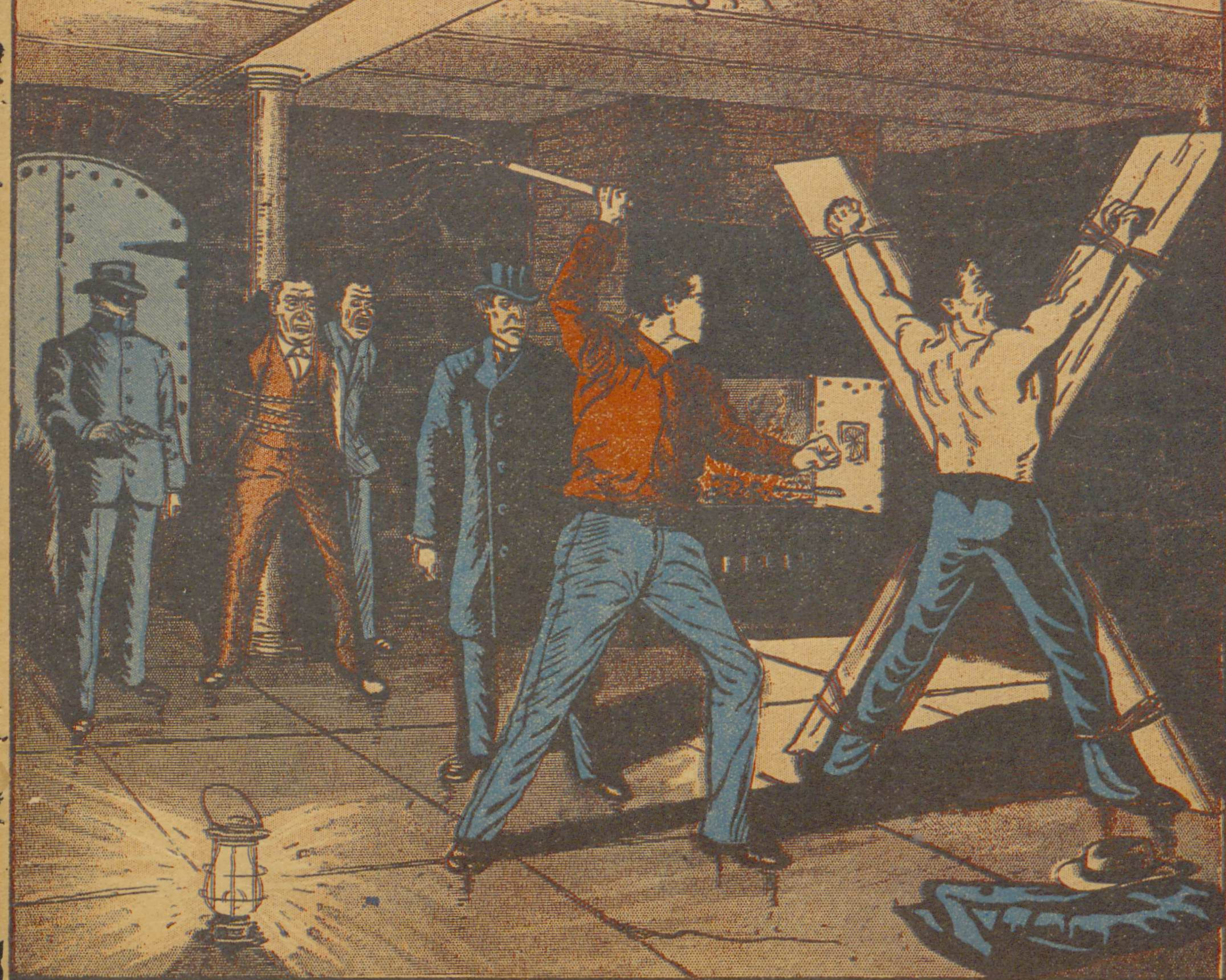
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## GERALD O'GRADY'S GRIT; OR, THE BRANDED IRISH LAD.

AND OTHER STORIES. By ALLYN DRAPER.



A fierce glare of hatred flashed from his eyes while he seized the cat-o'-nine-tails. "Oscar Costello, I'll give you what you gave me, and with a vengeance and a half at that." And the next instant he raised the instrument of torture.







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# GERALD O'GRADY'S GRIT

OR

## THE BRANDED IRISH LAD

By ALLYN DRAPER

### CHAPTER I.

#### A YOUNG SOLDIER IN TROUBLE.

"I can't bear it any longer, Fannie, for I feel that I'll murder Oscar if he annoys me as he has been doing. Oh, my darling girl, if he wasn't your brother, I'd have choked the life out of him before this."

"Then you will desert, Gerald?"

"'Pon my honor, Fannie, I don't see what else I can do, unless you want to see me hung for murdering your father or brother—or both of them, for that matter."

"But, Gerald, you know the regiment is ordered off to the Crimea—to the war. If you ran away now and they should catch you, you would be shot as a deserter. And then, Gerald, what should I do?"

"And that's what troubles me, too, Fannie. They will say that I was afraid to go to the war. Oh, heavens and earth, was ever a poor fellow in such a hobble as I am?"

"And if you make off to America, Gerald, I will never see you again. Oh, Gerald, what is the reason that father and Oscar hate you so very much? You don't suppose they suspect that I am very fond of you?"

"Good heavens—no—Fannie! If they suspected that I might as well tie a big stone around my neck and jump into the river, there at once, for they'd have my life—they'd skin me alive—if they even dreamed that we meet in this way."

"What can be the reason, then, Gerald? Did you ever fight with Oscar when you were at school together? Did you ever beat him?"

"Not at all, Fannie. He was too big for me then, and we were always the best of friends. Don't you mind that we were together the first day I met you on the dyke?"

"I do, I do, Gerald. I'll never forget that day, my poor fellow. I never thought that day, and after, that I'd see you a common soldier, Gerald."

"And I curse the day that I ever 'listed, Fannie; but you know what drove me to it."

"Yes—yes, Gerald. You thought that Oscar would be your friend; and that's the reason you joined father's regiment."

"That wasn't the only reason, my darling. I wanted to be near some one that I was very fond of."

"And now you are going away from me, Gerald?"

"What can I do, my darling? I can't remain in the regiment with your father and brother, for I feel they mean to kill me or drive me mad. Every week I am ordered to the black hole, on bread and water, for little or no reason; and Oscar is never done casting slurs on me."

"But won't it be better for you when you are away at the war? And there's the chance of promotion, you know."

"'Twill be ten thousand times worse, Fannie; and 'twill end in my killing the pair of them, for though they're near to you, the blood in my veins can't stand it any longer. 'Twas only yesterday that Oscar threatened to have me flogged like a dog. Think of that, Fannie! Flog me! By the heaven above us, but I'd even forget that he was your brother if he ever tries his hand at that!"

And that proud young soldier's eyes flashed with anger as he withdrew his left arm from the young girl's waist, while he clenched his right hand and shook it at the barracks on the hill above him.

Gerald O'Grady was that young soldier's name; and the sweet young creature before him was Fannie Costello, the only daughter of the colonel of the regiment to which Gerald belonged.

They were standing that evening in a shady grove on the banks of the Bandon—a river that flows through one of the most fertile valleys in the south of Ireland.

Gerald O'Grady was as handsome an Irish lad as ever drew sword under the alien flag; and one glance at his glowing black eyes and compressed lips, at that moment, would convince you that he was as brave and determined in danger as he was fair to look upon.

One year before the night on which we find him on the banks of that smiling river, Gerald O'Grady was living with his mother in the city of Cork, and attending an excellent school there.

One day the young lad returned from school only to find that his mother had disappeared from the lodging-house where they had been staying, without leaving a single word or line for her son.

Two or three days were passed by Gerald in anxious search and in making inquiries; but he could find no trace of that fond parent, and he could not account for her strange disappearance.

It was a mystery to him; there was something mysterious about his life; and he felt that there was some mystery shrouding his birth.

Gerald never knew who was his father; and it was only intimated to him by his mother that her husband was an unfortunate man who had been engaged in the rebellion of '48, and who had suffered for his patriotism by being transported to the English penal settlement in Australia.

Heretofore Gerald had never known want; but now, when his mother disappeared, he found that he had but a few shillings in the world; and he did not know of any friends or relatives in Ireland to whom he could turn for advice or assistance.

The young lad was as proud as the prince of the fallen angels; therefore he could not beg.

Had he lived one hundred years before, it is more than likely that he would have taken to the road, and he was just the lad to rival Dick Turpin and Captain Freney.

He could not get to America, that land of promise for so many of his race, and he could not get employment to give him bread in the land that gave him birth.

There was nothing for the young fellow to do—save to starve or to enlist under that alien flag which his mother had taught him to hate.

And thus Gerald was compelled (like thousands of his countrymen in other days) to wear the English red, while he dearly loved the Irish green.

While the young lad was at school he became intimate with Oscar Costello, whose father was the colonel of the regiment which Gerald afterward joined.



Gerald hoped, on entering into that regiment, that he would find a friend in his former schoolmate; and he also indulged in blissful dreams for the future, in which Fannie—the blue-eyed beauty—was ever present.

But the gallant young fellow had soon cause to curse the hour that he enlisted.

For the first three months all went well with Gerald, and his old schoolmate, who was now a lieutenant in his company, treated him in a kindly way; while many a sly smile from Fannie told him that he was not forgotten by the young girl, however much their stations in life might differ.

Gerald had never seen Colonel Costello until three months after entering the army, as that officer had been absent from his regiment on a sick leave for some time.

When the colonel discovered who Gerald was, after having encountered him on parade, he called his son into his room, and carefully closed the door after him.

After that day Gerald's life in the army was simply a hell upon earth.

The young man soon realized that Colonel Costello and his son were his bitter enemies; that they knew more of his history than was ever revealed to him; and that they were determined to crush him to the earth, "to kill him or drive him mad," as the young fellow had expressed it.

And now I must be off across the country to Hillsdale before

And yet, while the father and son hounded him day after day, and week after week, punishing him for every trivial fault, and insulting him whenever opportunity offered, Gerald bore his ills with apparent humility, for he was assured that Fannie Costello was devotedly attached to him.

One stolen interview in the grove on the banks of that smiling river compensated for weeks of torture and indignities.

But the more Gerald bore his ills with apparent humility the fiercer and more annoying became the tyrants who seemed to be thirsting for his blood.

On the very day preceding the evening on which we find him with Fannie in the grove, Oscar Costello had threatened him with the lash—that degrading instrument of torture, the application of which was worse than death to the high-spirited lad.

That threat determined Gerald's course of action.

Come what would, he would not remain where he was at the mercy of his merciless foes; for he knew full well that ere long they would drive him to commit an act which would render him liable to the degrading punishment.

And thus it was that he sought a last interview with Fannie ere flying from the service under those who were bent on his destruction.

"Oh, Gerald!" cried Fannie, "I cannot blame you for being angry with Oscar; but don't look so cross at me, for I would go on my knees to father if I thought I could serve you. Oh, Gerald! if you must go to America, I will follow you there!"

"Will you, Fannie?" cried the young fellow, as he passed his arm around her waist again. "When I make a fortune there will you come to me?"

"I will, indeed I will, Gerald!"

"Then my heart is light this blessed moment, my darling. they'll miss me at the barracks."

"Walk to the end of the grove with me, Gerald," pleaded the young girl; "it may be years before we meet again."

"To be sure I will, my own darling!" was the endearing response.

And on they walked to the end of the grove, muttering words of eternal devotion; but they never dreamed that they were rushing into danger.

"Farewell, my darling!" said Gerald, as he embraced the girl for the last time. "I needn't ask you to be true to me, for I know you will."

"Forever, Gerald!"

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried a tall young man in uniform, as he sprang out from a clump of young trees. "Go home at once, you hussy!"

"'Tis Oscar! We're lost, Gerald!" gasped the young girl as she fled from the spot. "For heaven's sake, fly at once!"

"Stand, you villain!" roared the brother, as he sprang on Gerald with a heavy walking-cane uplifted in his hand: "stand till I trounce you while I can stand over you, and then drag you before my father."

"Don't strike me, Lieutenant Costello, I warn you!" returned Gerald, as he retreated before the infuriated young officer. "Don't dare to touch me or——"

Down fell the heavy cane, and Gerald O'Grady was struck to the earth.

"Now, you dog—you vile cur—you ill-begotten wretch!" yelled the young officer, as he planted his foot on the prostrate lad and raised the cane again, "I'll teach you to even look at my sister. I'll murder you, you viper!"

But it was not a viper that Oscar Costello had crawling before him on the banks of that Irish river.

No hunter, even in the gloom of an African jungle, beheld such fierce eyes as those that glared up at him for a second.

Then there arose such a yell of rage and vengeance, as, with a sudden bound, Gerald O'Grady flung aside his assailant and sprang to his feet.

And the next moment the heavy cane was plucked from the officer's hand.

"I warned you, Oscar Costello!" cried Gerald, as he raised the cane to his assailant, "not to strike me with this. Take that, you lying, rascally, cowardly blackguard! Down to the ground with you!"

Before the officer could spring aside the cane descended on his head with terrible effect, and the next moment he was stretched on the ground, with Gerald's foot on his breast.

"Cur—dog—ill-begotten villain—cowardly wretch!" cried Gerald, as he glared down at his foe. "Back in your teeth I fling your vile words. Now, you spawn of a coward, I am even with you. Get up, if you dare, and fight me like a man!"

Then Gerald struck his assailant one blow across the breast and flung the cane out into the rushing river.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIGHT BY THE RIVER'S SIDE.

Oscar Costello was half stunned and fairly crazed as he struggled to his feet, and then stood glaring at his old schoolmate.

Every pulse in Gerald's body was throbbing with rage and indignation as the recollection of his tortures and insults he had endured thronged to his mind.

Talk of cool science and skilled courage!

Nothing nerves the human heart when facing a foe so much as the memory of wrongs received.

No science can contend against the stern resolve that is bred in affliction and patient suffering.

Oscar Costello was a slashing specimen of the young bloods of that day. He was a splendid boxer; an excellent cricket player; he pulled a powerful stroke; he was a daring rider, and he was not a coward.

Being two years older than Gerald, and as many inches taller, the young officer had heretofore entertained a thorough contempt for his old schoolmate's fighting powers.

And even at that moment, when Gerald had given such signal proof of his strength and activity, Oscar Costello gloried in the conceit that he was his complete master in the many art, and that he could vent his rage by giving him a severe thrashing ere dragging him back to the barracks.

"I'll maim the scoundrel for life—aye! I'll kill him!" thought the young officer as he advanced on his opponent. "He has struck his superior officer and he deserves death!"

"This young villain is seeking my life," thought Gerald, as he stood waiting for the onslaught. "'Tis but just that I should crush him, and I'll suffer anyway if I'm taken; but then he's Fannie's brother, and his blood must not be on my hands. I'll give him a beating he'll never forget, at all events."

When Oscar Costello first regained his feet he was, as we have said, half stunned and fairly crazed; but in a few moments he recovered his senses and when he advanced on Gerald he was fully prepared to put forth all his strength and skill in the encounter to which he had been invited.

"You dastardly scoundrel!" he cried. "I'll teach you to dare even to look at my sister! You who are not even fit to buckle her shoe!"

"I am more than your equal in every way, you mean upstart!" retorted Gerald, as he glared back defiance. "Your sister is an angel; you are a fiend. I am going to give you the finest dressing a young coxcomb ever had. I will marry your sister one of these days in spite of you and your contemptible hound of a father!"

With a cry of rage Oscar sprang on the insolent young soldier, aiming a blow at his head as he rushed on.

Gerald met the shock without flinching an inch, and he succeeded in parrying the blow with his left hand, while he



sent in a stinger with his right that sent Oscar staggering back.

Before the young officer could put out his guard again, his determined opponent was on him like a flash, and thus—thud—thud! went the clenched fists on his eyes and nose.

And down went Oscar Costello, his head striking heavily on the ground.

"Have you enough, you cur?" cried Gerald as he stared at the prostrate officer. "Get up and face me again, for I'll not strike you down. Aha! I told you that I'd give you a sound thrashing!"

"Curse you, you infernal scoundrel!" yelled the enraged officer, as he sprang to his feet, "you'll never live to boast of your triumph, for I'll murder you on the spot!"

As the infuriated young man uttered these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket and presenting it full at Gerald's face blazed away.

A loud report rang out in that quiet valley, and Gerald felt a stinging sensation in the right ear.

"You treacherous hound!" yelled the young soldier as he dashed in on the officer and seized the weapon. "Now it's for life and death between us!"

Then the next moment they were both rolling on the ground, struggling, striking, and tearing away at each other like two young tigers.

Oscar Costello succeeded in wrenching the pistol from the young soldier's grasp, and with it he dealt two or three heavy blows on Gerald's face, as he yelled:

"I'll pound you alive, you base-born dog! Take that, and that—and——"

The young officer could not utter another word, for Gerald's hand was on his throat, and the pistol was torn from his grasp at the same moment.

"My turn now!" yelled the young soldier as he planted his knee on the officer's breast, while he brandished the pistol over him. "Take that, you false-hearted, treacherous cur!"

Down went the arm of the young soldier and the barrel of the pistol struck the officer in the eye.

"Great heavens!" he yelled, "I'm murdered! My eye—my eye! Help—help! I'm murdered!"

"The devil's cure to you!" cried Gerald, as he sprang to his feet. "You tried to kill me! You and your father have been trying to drive me wild with your infernal doings, and——"

"My eye—my eye!" yelled Oscar Costello, in an agonized voice, as he held his hand to the wounded member and struggled to his feet. "Oh, heaven, you have knocked my eye out!"

Gerald dropped the pistol, sprang forward, and withdrew the hand from Oscar's face, crying:

"Let me see. I'm sorry if it's as bad as that, though you deserved it. By heavens, your eye is out, Oscar Costello, and no mistake!"

The young officer sent forth a fearful yell and then dashed along the bank of the river toward the barracks, crying:

"I'll have you murdered for this. Father will have you hung. Murder! Help! Oh, heaven, my brain is on fire!"

Gerald stood for some minutes on the bank of the river gazing after his late opponent.

"I must give them leg-bail now," he muttered, "and no mistake, for I'll have the whole regiment out after me in a jiffy. By George! but I'll take this with me, as I may have use for it."

As the young deserter uttered these words he stooped down to pick up the pistol.

"Halloo!" he cried. "What's this? Hanged if it isn't his watch and chain that fell from him in the fight. I must send them to him somehow when I get to Kinsale. Now for——"

"Oh, Gerald—Gerald!" cried a soft voice near him, "you are lost if they catch you now; and what will become of me? Fly—fly! I saw it all! Oscar and father will be the death of you now!"

"One moment, young sir!" cried a stern voice near, "I saw it all, too!"

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Gerald, as he faced a tall, gray-haired man who had just emerged from behind a clump of bushes.

"No matter to you who I am," replied the old stranger; "you are called Gerald O'Grady?"

"I am. Do you mean to try and hinder me from escaping?"

As Gerald spoke he held the pistol in his hand as if ready to strike if the other advanced.

"I wish to help you, you goose," replied the old gentleman. "Hear them now. The alarm has sounded already and they are out after you."

"Fly, Gerald, fly!" cried Fannie. "Oh, gracious me, they'll kill you!"

"Off with that red jacket and fling it into the river!" cried the old stranger. "Put my coat on you. And never let me see you wear a red jacket again. Only you gave the scoundrel a good beating I would never forgive you for wearing it."

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Gerald, as he stared at the old stranger's stern face, while he proceeded to slip on the coat.

"I'm a friend of yours," was the reply, "and I hate your enemies. We have no time for palaver now, for you must be off. You can ride, of course?"

"Of course, sir."

"Come here, then, and mount this horse. Do you know the road to Kinsale?"

"To be sure I do, sir," replied Gerald, as he looked at the powerful black horse, which the old stranger led out from behind the bushes.

"Hear them—hear them!" cried the old stranger, as the bugle blast rang out from the barracks. "They are mounting for pursuit. Can you gain the bridge ahead of them?"

"I can swim the river, sir," replied Gerald, as he sprang on the black horse and pointed to the rushing stream.

"Take this purse, then, and away to Kinsale. Hire a fishing smack there and get over to France. Make your way to America, and I will meet you in New York to look for your mother."

"In heaven's name, who are you, sir?" demanded Gerald.

"No matter to you, I say. Away with you. I'll meet you in New York."

"Fly, Gerald, fly!" cried Fannie, as she seized the young soldier's hand. "They're coming down the lane now. Merciful heavens, if father catches you he'll murder you before my eyes!"

"Farewell, Fannie!" cried the young man. "You'll come to me, won't you?"

"I will, Gerald, I will! Oh, heaven, here they come!"

"And I'm away. Farewell, sir, and heaven bless you, whoever you are!"

Then the daring young fellow struck the spirited horse with a whip which he had taken from the old stranger, and forced him into the rushing river.

"Into the bushes, young lady!" said the old stranger, as he seized Fannie's hand and drew her away. "The bloodhounds are coming now!"

At that moment a dozen mounted dragoons dashed along the riverside, and at their head rode a tall man, raising his sword.

"Colonel Costello!" hissed the old stranger. "Heaven's wrath be on him!"

"My father—my father, sir!" gasped the young girl. "Oh, heaven, he sees Gerald!"

"There goes the scoundrel!" cried the colonel, as he pointed to the horseman in the river. "In after him, men, and take him alive till we torture him to death. A hundred pounds to the man who captures him!"

The dragoons sent up a ringing shout as they plunged their horses into the stream after their angry colonel; and the shout was scarcely re-echoed in the woods beyond when Gerald sent back his defiant response:

"Come on—come on, Colonel Costello! To the mischief I pitch you all! Come on, and I'll serve you as I did your cur of a son. I'm only sorry I didn't knock out his other eye—his brains—while I was about it. To the mischief I pitch you!"

"Glory to you, my gallant fellow!" muttered the old stranger. "The old blood is in him. Thank heaven, he's got a good horse under him!"

"They'll kill him, sir; oh, they'll kill him!" muttered the young girl. "Heaven help me this night, for I love him dearly!"

"Put that out of your head, then," returned the old stranger, in a fierce voice, "for he'll never marry one of your race. Ha! ha! He's gained the bank on them, and he's away up the hill. Now he'll show them his heels in earnest. Go home, miss—go home, and never think of that young lad again."

"Oh, don't say that, sir," pleaded the faithful girl, as the



tears sprang to her eyes. "I'll never forget poor Gerald. But don't be too sure of his escaping, sir; for father is riding the swiftest horse in the country."

"Then let him!" hissed the old man. "If he comes up with the lad 'twill be his death, and that will cause me some trouble. Go home, miss—go home."

As the old man uttered these words he dashed away through the grove, leaving the weeping girl to ponder over his strange conduct.

Away up the hill, through the orchard and out on the castle road dashed Gerald on the black horse, and after him rushed the dragoons, with their colonel far in advance.

"I'll take the fields for it," muttered the young fugitive; "the black horse jumps well. The colonel rides Fireaway, and I'm afraid he'll soon be up with me. 'Tis a pity I forgot my sword, or even a loaded pistol."

Wheeling to the left the young man forced the powerful black over a high ditch and then urged him across the field toward the south.

"Nine miles to Kinsale," muttered Gerald, as he looked back and saw that the colonel was far in advance of his men. "I can beat the others and I must manage to floor the colonel if he is Fannie's father; for 'tis all up with me if I am caught now. On—on, good horse. I wonder who that old gent can be at all?"

And on—on it was for miles, over hedges and ditches, through meadows and plowed fields; and on after him rushed the vengeful father on his thoroughbred charger, Fireaway, while the dragoons were left far and away behind.

"He's gaining on me!" muttered Gerald, between his clenched teeth. "Soon 'twill be him and me for it, and he's sure to have his pistols. My horse is giving out."

And the fearful pace was telling on the black, noble animal though it was.

At every stride Fireaway was drawing nearer and nearer; when Gerald looked back again he could see that the colonel held the bridle in his mouth while he grasped a pistol in each hand.

"He's bound to murder me!" muttered the lad as he grasped the empty pistol with which he had knocked out the son's eye. "By thunder! but I'll have one crack at him, anyhow!"

Then suddenly wheeling his horse around, and ere the colonel could take aim, Gerald hurled the pistol at the man's head.

A cry of rage and pain burst from Colonel Costello as he fell from his horse, and the next moment Gerald was bending over him and dragging the pistols from his grasp.

"I'll kill you now, Colonel Costello!" said the young desperado, as he aimed a weapon at the head of the prostrate man.

"Mercy—mercy!" gasped the colonel. "Don't murder me and I'll let you off."

"The devil thank you," said Gerald. "Ha! ha! but this is a grand triumph! Father and son floored in one night. Say your prayers now, sir, for I'm going to blow your brains out!"

"Mercy—mercy! Gerald O'Grady, don't kill me and I'll make amends for all. Don't murder me, for my daughter's sake!"

"That saves you!" said Gerald, as he placed the weapons in his pocket and then drew the officer's sword from the scabbard. "That saves you—you tyrant—but it won't save your sword."

As the young soldier uttered these words he broke the sword on his knee and flung the pieces in the ditch near by.

"Now," he continued, as he sprang on the officer's thoroughbred, "I'm going to borrow Fireaway. Remember, Colonel Costello, that I spared your life for your daughter's sake, and I'll marry her yet in spite of you!"

"Curse you!" muttered the baffled man, as he sprang to his feet. "Ha! ha! now I've got you—you infernal villain! There are the troops."

"Confound the luck!" said Gerald, as he saw that he was surrounded on all sides. "They must have taken a short cut on me."

Gerald was right.

The dragoons felt assured that he was making for the sea-coast, and they took the old road across the country in order to head him off.

From the neighboring hill they had witnessed the struggle between the colonel and the fugitive, and riding down they had managed to surround Gerald while he was busy with his foe.

"Ride him down—ride him down!" yelled the colonel. "Take him alive, that we may hang him!"

"Hang me, if you do!" cried Gerald, as he forced Fireaway full against the nearest dragoon.

"Shoot the horse!" yelled the colonel.

Half a dozen pistol shots rang out the next moment, and the noble thoroughbred staggered forward and fell, bringing his desperate young rider with him to the ground.

"On him, men—on him!" sang out the enraged colonel as he sprang at his fallen foe. "Bind him as you would a calf, and drag him back to the barracks. Oh, the infernal scoundrel! but he'll suffer for this night's work!"

Poor Gerald was half stunned by the fall, and before he could offer any resistance the dragoons had him securely bound.

"Fireaway is ruined!" cried the angry colonel, as he stared at the noble animal.

"And your cur of a son has lost an eye!" cried the undaunted Gerald, as the dragoons dragged him away.

"I'll have your life for it, you infernal hound!" yelled the colonel as he sprang on Gerald and struck him in the face. "I'll have you lashed and branded and then shot like a dog as you are."

"But you'll never make me cry for mercy as I made you and your cowardly son," retorted Gerald, as he glared fiercely on the colonel.

"Back to the barracks with him!" yelled the infuriated man. "Put him in the black hole and don't give him a morsel to eat or drink. We'll court-martial him in the morning."

"That won't put your son's eye in or mend the sword I smashed on you," was Gerald's defiant cry. "I'm only sorry now I didn't kill you both!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PLEADING GIRL AND THE VENGEFUL FATHER.

"Oh, spare him, father! For God's sake, spare him, I pray you! He's so young, and the punishment is so terrible—so dreadful!"

"If I had my way it would be death. Look at your brother—disfigured for life. Don't ever mention the scoundrel's name again, Fannie, or I'll disown you."

"Oh, father—father! I must beg for him. Oscar provoked him to it. I don't care if you kill me—I don't want to live if poor Gerald is lashed and branded to-day. 'Tis worse than death!"

"Leave me, you foolish girl!" cried the colonel, "for I hear the drum calling the troops out. Save him, indeed! If one word from me would spare him one lash I'd cut my tongue out before I'd utter it. I will never rest until I see the scoundrel dead before me! Dead—dead!"

And the vengeful man flung his daughter aside as he seized his hat and dashed out of the room.

Three days had passed away since the night of Gerald's capture, and the young soldier had been tried by court-martial.

Colonel Costello presided at the trial and his son was the principal witness against Gerald.

The young officer swore that Gerald assaulted him in the grove, and knocking him down with a stone proceeded to rob him.

"I managed to draw my pistol," continued the perjured scoundrel, "while he was in the act of taking the watch from me, and shot him in the ear. Then he seized the pistol and struck me in the eye with the barrel. He would have murdered me if I had not managed to break away and run to the barracks."

And the young officer withdrew the bandage from his eye in order to display the disfigured face.

Gerald could offer no defense, save to assert that the officer was the first aggressor.

He told the truth—but the truth did not avail him.

Colonel Costello insisted that the prisoner deserved disgrace and death; that no punishment was too severe for him; and contended that he should suffer the lash for having assaulted an officer; that he should be branded for having deserted in the time of war, and that he should be shot for having committed highway robbery in taking Oscar's watch.

The other members of the court did not fully agree with the vindictive colonel, and in consideration of the prisoner's youth he was sentenced to receive fifty lashes on the bare back—to be publicly branded as a deserter and then sent to a convict prison for a term of seven years, with a ball and chain.



A merciful sentence, indeed!

Gerald ground his teeth when the sentence was announced; but the brave lad did not utter a word or make a single sign to show that he was terrified at the terrible ordeal through which he would have to pass.

"I'd die before I'd let them lash and brand me," he said to the guard, as they led him back to the black hole; "but I'll live yet to serve out a worse dose to those who brought me to it."

The dreadful moment has arrived to administer the degrading punishment, and the soldiers are under arms in the barracks yard as the unfortunate prisoner is led out to the triangle.

Oscar Costello is there, his one eye still bandaged and the other glaring hate and vengeance on his fallen foe.

"Tie him up!" roared the colonel, as he pointed to the triangle, "and see you, sir, that you lay on the lash with all your might."

Gerald O'Grady looked at the colonel for one moment, and then at his son, as he cried out:

"You have me in your power now, Colonel Costello, but remember what I say: If it was to be twenty years from now, I'll have my turn. For every cut that I receive now I'll give you and your son two for it. You'll never hear a yell for mercy, cowards that you are. You'll never hear a cry from me!"

"String him up and lay it on!" cried the enraged man. "We'll soon hear him cry for mercy. Get the brand ready and let it be red-hot!"

Gerald was as good as his word.

Though the lash cut into his young flesh at every stroke, not a word—not a groan—not even a sigh—escaped his lips; but ah, the fearful vows that were registered in his heart!

When he was lowered from the triangle he could scarcely stand; nor yet while the burning brand was sinking into his back, there to leave the big "D" forever, he did not quail.

"I never saw such courage—such pluck!" muttered one soldier to another. "Heaven help the colonel and his son if he breaks out of prison—as he's sure to do."

"He'll keep his word," returned the other. "See—the colonel is as pale as death now."

"You're done with me now, Colonel Costello!" cried the dauntless youth, as he was borne away; "but I'm not done with you and your son. Remember what I told you, for I've sworn to heaven to punish you both for this!"

Ten minutes afterward Colonel Costello and his son were conversing in whispers in the room to which they had retired after dismissing the troops.

"I tell you, Oscar, that he's a dangerous scoundrel, and that they won't keep him six months in prison."

"Can't we manage to get him out of the way altogether, then, father?"

"We must—we must! Our lives are not safe, not to speak of anything else if he escapes. I'll think of some way of getting rid of him, Oscar. By George, but I have it, and I know the man to do it, too!"

"What is it, father?" inquired the young man, eagerly.

"Never mind, now, till I work the plan out. I'll put the scoundrel out of the way, you may rely on it."

One week after, the branded Irish lad was sent to the convict station on Spike Island, Cork harbor, to serve out his sentence.

The determined fellow was not a week in prison before he commenced to work and plot for his liberty.

To be sure, he was encumbered with a heavy ball and chain that he was compelled to drag around with him.

Certain it was that the prison walls were strong, and that armed guards patrolled the shores of the island by night and by day, ready, on the slightest alarm, to shoot down a prisoner who attempted to escape by the water.

But Gerald did not for a moment give up the hope of liberty, and he never ceased to think of the bitter enemies against whom he had sworn a fearful vengeance.

Now and then he would think of the faithful Fannie, of his mother, and of that mysterious old gentleman who had assisted him on the night of the fight.

Three months passed away, and hope grew stronger and stronger in the young lad's breast.

The lad found a friend among the guards, and this friend had furnished him with a small file to cut away the cumbersome ball and chain.

This man was recently appointed to the convict station, and when he was about a month on the island he intimated to Gerald that he was sent there to assist him in escaping.

"'Tis the old stranger who is trying to aid me," thought Gerald. "I don't like this fellow's looks, but if it was Old Nick himself come to help me I'd take his offer."

Gerald O'Grady, young as he was, was a keen observer; and there was something in the face of the friendly guard that told him to beware of treachery.

And yet the man had supplied him with the file to sever his chain and cut through his prison bars; he had given him intimation of the hour that he would be on duty on a certain night, at a spot on the shore from whence Gerald could swim out to one of the ships in the harbor; and the guard had whispered into his ear that a boat would be on hand to assist him in the escape.

The night had come and Gerald was prepared for action.

All day long he had watched an American ship in the harbor, and he was hoping and praying that she would remain there until night set in.

Down from the prison walls toward the rocky shore a crouching figure stole, and the iron rings were still about his ankles.

"There's the guard and there's the ship I'll make for!" muttered the desperate prisoner as he peered out in the darkness; "but I don't see any boat in the harbor. Boat or no boat, I'll strike for that ship to-night, with heaven's help!"

And the brave lad pushed on toward the rocks that guarded the shore.

"Now we'll soon see if Tobin stands to me," muttered Gerald as he crept along toward the rocks, while the armed guard was pacing to and fro not twenty yards away.

"I'll soon earn me five hundred pounds," muttered the guard, as he held his gun ready for use and watched the fugitive. "I'll pepper him when he strikes the rocks."

As the treacherous rascal uttered these words he raised his gun and covered the fugitive.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in a loud voice.

"I'm betrayed!" muttered the branded lad as he sprang on the rocks. "By heavens! I'll have a swim for liberty, anyway."

Bang! went the false guard's gun.

The ball whistled by Gerald's head as he sprang on the rocks, and at that moment he stumbled and fell.

"Hurrah!" cried the guard as he drew his bayonet and sprang toward the prostrate lad, "he's down, and I might as well make sure of him with this. 'Twas his life I bargained for."

Gerald heard these words as the guard rushed on him, and then he knew that the vile wretch was hired by his enemies to destroy him.

The desperate lad did not move hand or foot until the man was over him with the gleaming bayonet ready to strike.

"Faith, but he's done for already!" muttered the traitor, as he stared at the pale face before him, "and there's no use in giving him this; but to be sure of it."

The man bent down to lay his hand on his victim's heart, and then the young tiger, seeing his opportunity, sprang at the wretch's throat, as he hissed into his ear:

"You thought to kill me, did you—you villain of the world. There's your reward!"

As the young fellow uttered these words he dragged the bayonet from the astonished man and plunged it into his breast.

"Heaven have mercy on my soul!" gasped the wretch as he fell on the rocks, "but I deserve it."

Still holding the bloody weapon in his hand, the desperate lad turned away from the fallen man and cast one glance out on the dark waters.

He could hear the shouts of the other guards as they hastened to the spot, attracted by the report of the gun.

"'Tis death for me to stay here now," muttered Gerald. "I'll take to the water. I'll keep this bayonet, for they'll never take me alive. May heaven assist me in reaching that ship beyond!"

And the fearless lad plunged into the sea, while the shouts and cries of the gathering guards told him that he was perceived.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE HUNTED LAD ENCOUNTERS OLD FOES.

When Gerald O'Grady plunged from the rocks into the sea his eyes were fixed on the American vessel lying at anchor in the capacious harbor.



The iron rings that fastened the ball and chains to his limbs were still on his ankles, as he did not have time to sever them with the small file, but he struck out right bravely from the shore, muttering the while:

"I paid that villain for his treachery, at all events, no matter what comes. Only to think that they should hire him to kill me. That shows how much they fear me; and well they might. If I can only manage to escape this night, by the heaven that's seeing us all, but they'll feel my vengeance, too!"

As the determined lad uttered these words he grasped the bayonet with a firm grip, and struck out into the tide.

And now the alarm rang out in dead earnest from the island.

Gerald could hear the shouts and cries of those who had found the treacherous guard.

He could hear the bells ringing, the minute-gun booming, while over the water flashed the warning signals to the men-of-war in the harbor, announcing that a prisoner had escaped.

Another glance forward at the American vessel and Gerald muttered:

"The tide is bearing me out; I can never be able to reach her!"

Then he glanced back at the island and that one look was enough to strike terror to the bravest heart at such a time.

"They're putting out with the boats and lights," he muttered. "If they see me I have only to fight to the last for it, for I'll never be taken alive. I'll strike out for that big ship below."

Gerald was a splendid swimmer, and he moved through the water at a rapid rate, without either making a great deal of commotion or exposing more than his head above the surface.

He did not attempt to gain the opposite shore, for the reason that, as he was well aware, it would be impossible to reach the land while the tide was setting out with a strong current.

His only hope of salvation was to strike one of the American vessels lying at Queenstown, and then to either slip on board and hide until they were out at sea or throw himself on the mercy of the officers and crew.

Gerald O'Grady had great faith in the generosity of the American seamen, and feeling that he had committed no crime that would debar him from the sympathy of honest men, he had strong hopes that the strangers would strain a point in saving an unfortunate lad from life-long imprisonment or death.

The struggling lad had proceeded more than a mile from the convict island, when he saw a large vessel at anchor, some distance ahead, while on looking back again he could perceive a boat pushing after him at a rapid pace.

"Heaven send this is a Yankee ship!" he muttered, as he endeavored to distinguish the colors flying at the vessel's stern. "If it isn't, I'm gone, for that boat is after me without a doubt."

The boat was making for the ship, but, thanks to the darkness, its occupants had not yet noticed the fugitive in the water.

Pushing on for dear life, Gerald managed to reach the ship and seize the anchor chain, just as the boat swept up alongside.

"What ship is that?" demanded the officer in charge of the boat.

"Her Majesty's transport, Shannon, with troops for the Crimea," was the reply from the ship. "What alarm is that from Spike Island?"

"A noted convict has escaped, after stabbing one of the guards. It is thought that he will make for one of the vessels in the harbor. Please to keep a sharp lookout for him, captain."

"What was the convict's name?" demanded a loud, stern voice from the ship.

Gerald heard that voice while clinging to the anchor chain, and his heart beat the faster, while he grasped the bayonet, as he muttered:

"By the heaven above us, 'tis Colonel Costello. Ha! you villain, if I could only get near enough to sink this into your heart."

"Gerald O'Grady," replied the officer in the boat. "He was a deserter from the army, and a convicted thief. He is a desperate young villain!"

"I know the rascal," said Colonel Costello, as he gnashed

his teeth with rage, "and he must not escape. He nearly murdered my son before he deserted from the regiment. What was the name of the guard he stabbed, officer?"

"Tobin, sir. A new man. He was not quite dead when we put off, but he can't live till morning."

"Death and furies!" roared Colonel Costello, "the fiend must not escape. Oscar, order up a file of men! Captain Mitchel, I beg that you will place a boat at our disposal. This infernal wretch has sworn to kill me, and I must hunt him down. We will search every vessel in the harbor for the scoundrel!"

"Certainly, colonel," responded the captain of the transport. "All the boats are at your service."

"Away, officer!" cried the enraged colonel to the man in charge of the island boat. "Look to foreign vessels in the harbor. The wretch won't venture near one of ours. A hundred pounds to you from me if you take the rascal, dead or alive."

"We will do our best, sir," responded the officer. "The fellow can't escape. Give way, men, to that Yankee ship up the harbor."

"Aha!" muttered Gerald. "the villain and his son are going out after me in a boat. So they're going off to the war at last; and they waited to make sure I was dead before they went. If I only had a revolver now I'd bang it at them as they get into the boat. I wonder if Fannie is going out with them?"

At that moment a well-known voice on the ship answered this question.

"Oh, father—Oscar!" was the plaintive appeal, "you have punished the poor fellow enough already. Have some mercy on him!"

"The scoundrel must die, girl!" cried Colonel Costello. "Go below, I say! This is no place for you. Go down to your stateroom!"

And Colonel Costello hastened down the rope ladder to the boat, followed by his son and the soldiers.

"Heaven bless you, my darling Fannie!" muttered the hunted lad. "I'd give my right hand to see you and speak to you this minute. Heaven's curses on your father and brother! and I'm going to risk my life to finish them this night."

And the desperate young fellow proceeded to put into execution a plan he had suddenly conceived for the destruction of his enemies.

Colonel Costello and his son were seated in the stern of the boat as it moved on through the harbor toward the American vessel.

"Oscar," said the father, "if this young scoundrel escapes to-night he will attempt to assassinate us. I can never forget his look of hatred that day when he was flogged. If we catch him to-night we must kill him."

"He'll get no mercy from me, father. And to think that he has escaped from Tobin, after——"

"Hush, Oscar! As it stands now I hope he has killed that fellow. Oh, he's a daring young scoundrel, to escape while that man watched him. You heard the shot from the island. Tobin must have fired on him, as he promised."

"That I did, Colonel Costello!" moaned a low, ghostly voice from the water. "And I charge ye to give the five hundred pounds to me poor widder and childer."

"Great heavens, Oscar!" gasped the colonel, as he seized his son by the arm. "Did you hear that?"

Oscar Costello trembled in every limb as he gasped forth the reply:

"'Tis Tobin's ghost, father. Promise him to give the money. He must be dead now."

"Dead and lost!" moaned the low voice from under the stern of the boat, "and all because I tried to do your dirty work and murder that poor lad. Why did ye timpt me, ye villain? What good is all the money ye promised me now? But give it to the widder and childer or I'll haunt ye forever!"

"We will—we will!" gasped Colonel Costello as he bent over the stern of the boat. "For heaven's sake, if you are Tobin's ghost, don't speak so loud and I'll double the amount."

"Swear to it!" returned the ghostly voice. "Swear that ye'll give me widder a thousand pounds for my trying to kill Gerald O'Grady, or I'll sink the boat this minnit, as sure as I'm burning in the pit below! Swear it on the bayonet he struck me with, or I'll send ye all down where I am this minnit!"



At that moment the bright steel was raised above the water and father and son grew pale with fear as they saw the white hand that held it.

"Kiss the bloody weapon," continued the low, solemn voice, "and swear that ye'll give the money to those that's left behind! Swear it, the pair of ye, or I'll sink the weapon into yer false hearts!"

"Oh, this is terrible, Oscar!" gasped the father, as the perspiration rolled off his haggard face, while he stared at the gleaming weapon in the white hand. "I cannot kiss that bayonet."

"Let us put back to the ship, father!" gasped the terrified young man.

"What's wrong, colonel?" inquired one of the sailors, working the boat, who had overheard the son's suggestion to put back to the ship.

"I'll sink the boat afore two minnits," said the ghost, "if ye don't do my bidding. Bend down, the pair of ye and swear on the bayonet!"

"There's nothing wrong, sailor," faltered Oscar, "only my father does not feel very well. Bend down and appease the ghost, father."

The last sentence was uttered in a very low voice.

"Yes—yes, Oscar!" faltered the father as he bent down over the stern. "Kiss it with me."

Father and son bent down their heads over the stern to kiss the weapon, while the ghostly voice answered:

"Make haste, for the cock will soon crow and I must be back to the fiery pit. Oh, curses on ye that tempted me to betray that brave lad. Treacherous hound, take that!"

Colonel Costello uttered a cry of agony as he sprang up in the boat with the blood flowing from a wound in his mouth.

At the same moment his son was seized by the throat and dragged over the stern of the boat, while a vigorous arm plunged the weapon into his side.

"Murder—treachery!" spluttered the colonel as he spat the blood from his mouth. "My son—my son! He's murdered by a fiend!"

"Father—father, save me!" yelled Oscar Costello, as he struggled in the water. "I'm stabbed in the side! Oh, heaven! I can't hold up."

A wild, unearthly cry burst from the water under the boat, and then a ghostly voice rang out:

"Colonel Costello, remember Gerald O'Grady's oath, for the brand is burning still! You hired a murderer to kill him this night, and your tool is lying low on Spike Island. Hear your son's cries for mercy now. Soldiers, sailors, Colonel Costello and his son are vile murderers. Go to sea with them and you'll perish in the ocean!"

"Villain—liar!" cried Colonel Costello, as he drew his pistol and stared over the side of the boat, "I know you now. Back, men, and save my son. The escaped convict is under the boat and he has attempted to murder us. Back—back! My son must not perish!"

"Down—down you'll go, men, if you stir back an inch to save him!" yelled the dauntless, desperate Gerald from under the boat.

"Save me, father—save me!" yelled the wounded man in the water.

The surprised and superstitious sailors were dumbfounded, and did not know what to do, while some of the soldiers, who were Gerald's old comrades, recognized his voice, and realized that the desperate lad had made a determined attempt to be revenged on his persistent and cruel tormentors.

The soldiers in the boat knew that it was the branded lad, who had succeeded in breaking away from his jailers on the island; and they really surmised why it was that the colonel and his son were so anxious to effect his capture.

The soldiers' sympathies were with their old comrade, for they felt that he had been cruelly wronged and brutally punished; and they made no effort to discover his whereabouts or to arrest him.

The sailors in the boat could not comprehend the strange scene no more than they could surmise where the mysterious voice came from; and their superstitious fears were aroused by the ominous words that arose from the water.

The agonized father saw that his son would sink very soon; and though bleeding fearfully his energies were soon fully aroused.

Pointing his revolver at the sailor near him, he called out in a fierce voice:

"Pull back and save my son, or by the heaven above us I will send a bullet through your head! Soldiers, I com-

mand you to watch the side of the boat and shoot the scoundrel the moment you see him."

At this fierce command the sailors plied their oars and forced the boat back to where the wounded man was struggling in the water.

The soldiers dragged their wounded officer on board the boat, and he fell senseless in the stern, while the father raved forth:

"My son is dead! Look for the murderer! Five hundred pounds to the man that kills him! Oscar! Oscar! are you living, my son?"

And the frantic man, with the blood flowing from the deep gash in his mouth, fell beside his son.

"Back to the vessel!" cried the sergeant in command of the man. "Back at once or they'll both be dead on our hands. Gerald O'Grady, wherever you are, you have paid them back dearly to-night."

And Gerald O'Grady, still retaining the bayonet in his hand, was at that moment swimming silently toward the American vessel which he had been watching all day.

The tide was now running in and the boat was not half a mile from the American vessel when Gerald so boldly assaulted his enemies.

The transport Shannon sailed for the Crimea next morning, but Colonel Costello and his son did not accompany their regiment, for they were invalids at the military hospital in the city of Cork.

Gerald O'Grady was not captured, although the authorities searched every vessel leaving the harbor, while the police on shore hunted for him in town and city and country.

Three days after, Colonel Costello received through mail the following letter:

"Colonel Costello—When this reaches you I will be on my way to America. I will return again, with the brand on my back and vengeance in my heart. Remember my oath, for so surely as I braved you in the harbor the other night, so certain will you and your son yet feel the brand and the lash.  
GERALD O'GRADY."

When the enraged man flung this note on the floor his daughter Fannie picked it up and read it.

The faithful girl was happy to learn that her lover had escaped, but she sighed to think that he was her father's deadly enemy.

## CHAPTER V.

### GERALD WANTS TO JOIN UNCLE SAM'S ARMY.

Four months have passed away and the scene shifts to another land.

It was a cold evening in early spring, more than twenty years ago, when a young lad stood at the Battery and gazed out at the waters of the bay.

His clothes were tattered and torn; the old felt hat that covered his head was minus the brim at the back, and his toes were peeping out of the miserable shoes that were fastened to his feet by coarse strings.

"Heaven he with old Ireland!" muttered the lad, "for all I suffered my own share there. Oh, will I ever be able to go back again to meet the scoundrels that wronged me so sorely? Will I ever see my darling Fannie again? Ah, here comes the man I want to see most now. I must try my fortune with him."

At that moment a man in the United States uniform was hurrying down the path toward the boat landing.

"I ask your pardon, sergeant," said the Irish lad, "but would you be pleased to tell me if you want any more soldiers, and how a poor fellow might join?"

"Aha! you want to 'list?" replied the stalwart soldier as he cast a critical eye on the aspirant. "Want to go sojering, eh? Well, faith, I think ye're a likely lad for the work."

"I do want to 'list, sergeant; and I'd bless you if you put me in the way of doing it."

"Bedad, but that's aisy enough. Meet me here in the morning at nine and I'll soon fix ye. What's yer name, and where do you come from?"

The Irish lad hesitated a moment before replying to this question.

"My name is—is—Mike Brady," was the stammering reply, "and I come from Ireland."



"Tut—tut, man!" cried the sergeant, "don't be trying to humbug me. That's not yer name. What are ye ashamed or afraid of? I can see at once be yer cut that ye're a deserter from the English army. What's that to me, who give them leg-bail meself. If that's all the harm ye did ye can hold up yer head like a man. I'll meet ye here in the morning."

Then the sergeant moved toward the landing and the next moment he wheeled around, put his hand in his pocket and offered a silver dollar to the new recruit, saying:

"Maybe ye're not troubled with lashings of money. Take that and welcome."

"I've got enough, thank you, sergeant," replied the lad, refusing the money.

"Sure, ye can pay me again," persisted the generous soldier. "Tut, tut, man; take it, and don't be so proud."

"I may never meet you again, sergeant."

"And if ye don't, what odds? Take it, and get some supper and a lodging. 'Tis many a good man's case to be short now and then."

"Heaven bless you, sergeant!" muttered the destitute lad as he accepted the money. "Won't you give me your name?"

"Burke—Sergeant Burke, me lad. There, now, be off with you. Bedad, but I see ye have the good stuff in ye!"

"Good-night, sergeant!" said the Irish lad. "I'll never forget your face or your name."

And Gerald O'Grady turned away to hide the tears that welled up into his eyes, while the impulsive sergeant proceeded to the barge office.

"Look at me now, crying like a child!" muttered the branded Irish lad, "when all that the hounds on the other side could do didn't bring a tear from me. Heigh-ho! so I'm compelled to enter the American army. Well, well, 'twill be only a few years, and then I'll have money to go back and fight the scoundrels that wronged me."

"You will never enter the American army, Gerald O'Grady," said a harsh voice behind him, "for you are my prisoner!"

Quick as a flash the Irish lad turned to face the speaker.

Standing before him, with a revolver in one hand and a pair of handcuffs in the other, was a stout man, whose face was covered with bushy red whiskers, and whose villainous eyes peered out from under eyebrows of the same color.

The man held the revolver pointed full at Gerald's head, and there was a malignant gleam in his eyes as he continued:

"I've been looking for ye this month past, me young buck. Don't ye know me?"

"'Tis Tobin, as I live!" gasped Gerald, as he stared at the treacherous man he had wounded on Spike Island.

"Aye, Tobin!" returned the man, with a malicious grin. "Ye thought ye finished me that night when ye played me ghost. Don't attempt any of yer didoes now or I'll blow yer brains out!"

"I surrender," said Gerald, in a sad voice. "I'd just as leave go back to the island, for I'm sick and tired of wandering here. Don't mind the handcuffs, for I'll go quietly with—take that, you treacherous hound—and that!"

And Gerald, with a lightning-like movement, dashed the pistol aside and then struck the man in the face with all his might.

The strong man went down under the blow, and before he could offer resistance Gerald had dragged the revolver from his grasp, striking him in the face with the weapon at the same time.

"Now, you infernal scoundrel!" cried the lad, as he looked around on the deserted walks, "I've a good mind to kill you at once. Ha! ha! you thought to take me prisoner, did you? One would suppose you got enough that night on the island. One word out of you and you're a dead man!"

And Gerald held the revolver to the baffled man's head, while he tore the handcuffs from his grasp.

"Murder me if ye like, Gerald O'Grady," gasped Tobin as he glared up at his foe, "but I won't cry for mercy. I could have killed ye a moment ago, and no one would blame me for it, only I hadn't the heart to fire at ye."

"Lying hound!" cried Gerald, "didn't you fire on me that night on Spike Island? Oh, heaven, how do I keep my fingers still when I think of your treachery, and you engaged to help me? Tell me, you scoundrel—isn't Colonel Costello hounding you on me now?"

"Ye can swear to that," replied Tobin. "They're bent on having your life!"

"Then you deserve death for helping them, you dirty dog!" cried Gerald. "And yet I cannot take your life in cold blood, bad as you are. I'll spare you this time, but if you ever cross me again I'll kill you as I would a serpent, you mean hound!"

And Gerald struck the fallen man across the face with his open hand.

"Curse ye for that blow, Gerald O'Grady!" hissed the man. "I'll never forgive ye!"

"I don't want your forgiveness, Tobin; but I do want you, if you don't want your blood on my hands to-night, to let me go in peace. Offer to follow me—raise a cry against me and you are a dead man; beware, you scoundrel, for I'm in deadly earnest."

And Gerald left the baffled and enraged man lying on the ground as he walked swiftly away from the spot.

The hunted lad hurried out of the Battery and into West street, without paying any attention to the tall, gray-haired man who was following him.

It was growing quite dusk as Gerald walked along, while he gave vent to his feelings as follows:

"So they're after me again. They've sent that villain out here to drag me back. I'm afraid I'll have to kill him, and I don't want any blood on my hands but theirs. Oh, if they were only here!"

"They are here, Gerald O'Grady!" said a voice at his side.

"And who are you?" demanded the hunted lad as he drew Tobin's weapon and turned to face the speaker.

In the dim light Gerald saw the figure of the tall, gray-haired man who had befriended him on the night of the struggle on the banks of the Irish River.

"As I told you before, as I tell you again, Gerald O'Grady," was the old stranger's earnest reply, "I am your true friend."

"Friend!" sneered the lad. "I have no friend in this wide world. If you were my friend, why didn't you come near me in all my trouble?"

"As heaven is my judge this night," was the old man's earnest answer, "I had to fly for my own life that night, as the bloodhounds in Ireland were on my track, hard and fast. 'Twas only when I got out here to this country that I heard of your trouble. Oh, heaven knows that I would wade through blood and fire to save you from your enemies, lad!"

"That's all very fine talk," said the suspicious Gerald impatiently.

"Hear me out, foolish lad," said the old man, in his earnest way. "I told you that night on the banks of the Brandon that I was your friend; and that I would help you to crush your enemies, and your mother's enemies. I was making arrangements to go back to Ireland, though my life was at stake, to aid you in getting clear from Spike Island, when I heard of your daring escape, my lad."

"Who are you, at all?" demanded the lad as he stared at the mysterious old stranger.

"Who and what I am is of no consequence to you so long as I prove that I am able and willing to help you to right yourself and punish those who wronged you. Put that weapon in your pocket and then come with me, Gerald."

"I won't budge a step with you till you tell me who you are. How can I trust any one after the treachery I met with?"

"Gerald O'Grady," said the old man as he pressed the lad's hand and looked earnestly into his bright eyes while he spoke, "your father was my best friend. We were transported together for taking part in the rebellion in Ireland. I am an outlaw, with a price set on my head. Don't ask me my name, for if it was ever whispered in New York your enemies and mine would triumph over us. Believe me, I tell you the truth."

"What will I call you, then, sir?" inquired Gerald, who was attracted to the mysterious old stranger.

"Call me Collier—Maurice Collier. When we have conquered your enemies, when we crush them to the earth and you are restored to your rights, then you will know my right name, Gerald O'Grady."

"How will we do it, sir?"

"Your mother is alive yet, Gerald, and we must find her. Colonel Costello, with his son and daughter, are here in New York now, and they have set that rascal Tobin on you. We must turn on them and give them a terrible punishment."

"I am with you, sir, heart and soul," said Gerald, as he



pressed the old man's hand. "There's something whispering to me that you are true. I'll trust you."

"There's only one thing that makes me fear you, Gerald."

"What is that, sir?"

"You think too much of the young girl, and I'm afraid that you will forget your vengeance for her sake, my lad."

A bitter smile passed over Gerald's face, as he replied:

"Can I ever forget the disgraceful lash and the burning brand, sir? Can I drive from my mind the cruel jeers and taunts they flung at me when they couldn't force a tear from me?"

"My poor fellow, how you must have suffered from them. But we will work together for vengeance, Gerald!"

"Aye, if you were the Old Boy himself."

"I am your friend, Gerald, whatever crimes may be laid at my door. Now for some supper and a change of clothes."

"I want them both badly," laughed Gerald. "And I can pay back Sergeant Burke in the morning. I must get up a disguise, sir."

"I'll fix you so that your own mother won't know you. No—not even the girl that loves you, as you will see."

"Faith, but 'twould be a good joke to try it," laughed the buoyant lad. "And by St. Patrick but you make me feel like a new man already."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONSPIRATORS IN COUNCIL.

"Tobin, you're a smart coward. To think that the fellow should escape from you, and he unarmed, while you had your revolver. Why didn't you shoot him as you would a dog?"

"I couldn't sir. I thought I had him sure, when he turned on me like winking, and——"

"Gave you a pair of black eyes, took away your pistol and handcuffs, and almost frightened the life out of you," interrupted Colonel Costello, in a fearful rage. "Oh, you're a pretty fellow to cope with this young desperado—you are!"

"Come—come, father," interposed Oscar Costello, "you must not be too severe with Tobin. You must remember what this young devil did to ourselves. And you say he looks like a beggar, Tobin, and that he is going to enlist in the American army?"

"He's to meet the sergeant to-morrow morning down there, Master Oscar; and I think we'll be able to pin him there for sure, or kill him."

"We must kill him!" said Colonel Costello, in a voice that was hoarse with passion. "If the young fiend finds his mother we are lost, beggared, ruined, disgraced forever."

And the excited man sprang to his feet and walked the floor with hasty strides.

The three conspirators were conversing in a private room at a fashionable boarding-house on Bleecker street, in the City of New York, about two hours after Tobin had encountered Gerald O'Grady at the Battery.

When Colonel Costello and his son recovered from the severe wounds inflicted by the desperate lad in the encounter in the harbor, Sebastopol had been captured and peace was declared between Russia and the allied forces.

Burning with vengeance, and fully determined to crush the brave lad who had defied them, father and son retired from the army and then set out for America in search of their enemy.

"Disgraced—ruined, father!" repeated Oscar Costello, as he watched the agitated man. "I'm sure, sir, I never thought it was as bad as that."

"It is, Oscar!" hissed the colonel. "If this young viper finds his mother before we succeed in forcing her to give up the papers and to swear that she was never married to his father, you and Fannie will be beggared and I will be disgraced forever."

A fiendish smile passed over Tobin's face as he listened to this avowal.

"There's a way of forcing her, sir," he remarked, in a quiet way, "if ye'd be only said be me."

"Forcing her!" said Colonel Costello. "Haven't we tried everything but killing her outright to make her do as I want? We've starved her, threatened her, kept her in a

dark hole for over a year, and she won't surrender. Curse the woman! Curse her son! There's no way but by killing the pair of them!"

"I'll never consent to that, father," said Oscar. "I want to see Gerald crushed, but, by George! I can't consent to the killing of that poor woman."

"There's no occasion to kill her if ye take my advice," said Tobin. "I'm sure I've hit on a plan for making her do as ye want, and at the same time giving the young fellow what he deserves."

"What is it, Tobin?" inquired Colonel Costello. "Your fortune is made if you show us a way to make that woman do as we require; but, by heavens, her son must die, at all hazards!"

"To-morrow morning, sir," commenced Tobin, "he'll be down there again to meet the soldier. We must be there to grab him and whip him off or kill him if he shows fight, for we have the law on our side; but I wouldn't advise killing him just yet."

"What will we do with him, then?" inquired the young man.

"Take him out to where we've got the mother in hiding, and let him see her. Then kill him before her eyes if she don't do what ye want."

"By George! Tobin, you're a cunning dog!" said Oscar. "And it can be worked. What do you think of it, father?"

"I'm afraid to let the young scoundrel know where his mother is," replied the colonel. "Remember that her brother has escaped from Australia, and he may be out here in America now. I fear him more than I do this young fiend, for he is a daring, bold ruffian. Why, you know he was in Ireland at the very time that the young dog was punished, and they were on his track. If he should meet Gerald O'Grady——"

"He has met him, villains!" rang out a stern voice outside the door.

"Great heavens! Who is that?" cried Colonel Costello as he sprang toward the door. "Some scoundrel is outside here. Quick, Tobin—Oscar—your pistols!"

Colonel Costello waited at the door until his son handed him a revolver, and then he sprang out into the hall, followed by the others.

"Good-evening, colonel!" cried an old gentleman who was ascending the stairs from the lower hall. "Why, what is the matter? Been attacked by burglars?"

"Some villain has been listening at my door, Mr. Collier," returned the excited man. "Did you meet any one in the lower hall?"

"Not a soul, colonel. By the way, I want to tell you that my nephew has arrived from Ireland. Will have the pleasure of presenting him to you all to-morrow evening. He's stopping with some friends in Brooklyn to-night. You do look annoyed, colonel."

"Come in, father," whispered Oscar. "Good-night, Mr. Collier. Excuse father. He's a little annoyed."

"Aye, faith," muttered the old stranger, as a grim smile passed over his face while he sought his own room, "'tis me'll annoy you, and trouble you, and crush you before long, you scoundrels!"

The old stranger was a regular boarder in that house, and he was on intimate terms with Colonel Costello and his children.

And 'tis little the conspirators thought that the mild-mannered old gent was their bold, relentless enemy.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SERGEANT BURKE ENCOUNTERS AN OLD TYRANT.

Sergeant Burke was on hand at the Battery on the following morning at nine o'clock, and he waited impatiently for some time, cursing the new recruit for not appearing at the hour appointed.

It was a cold, raw morning, and the stalwart soldier strode up and down the patch, watching the few visitors who ventured to face the cutting wind that swept up from the bay, while he kept muttering:

"The divil fire that blackguard for humbugging me in this way. I don't care so much for the dollar, but the lads will have the laugh on me when I go back without me new recruit. Begor, but I'll never trust the likes of him again, for all he had an honest face, bad scran to the deceiving villain——"

"Can I have a few words with you, sergeant?"



The soldier turned around to encounter a tall, soldierly-looking man of advanced years who had approached him.

"A dozen if you like, sir," replied the sergeant, as he bent his keen eyes on the stranger.

"You are waiting here for a fellow who promised to enlist, are you not?"

"Faith, but I am, sir. And 'tis cursing him I was for humbugging me," replied Sergeant Burke. "But might I be so bold as to be asking ye what concern is that of yours, sir?"

And the keen-eyed soldier bent another penetrating glance at the stranger.

"The scoundrel you're looking for is branded a deserter, a convicted felon, a ruffian who deserves death, for he attempted to murder three men in Ireland. I am engaged in hunting him down. If you will assist us, sergeant, I'll give you a hundred dollars."

The sergeant looked the tempter full in the face as he inquired:

"And what may be your name, sir?"

"I am Colonel Costello, late in her majesty's service, and this young wretch is known as Gerald O'Grady."

"And you want me to hunt him down, do ye? You want me to play the informer and spy on a poor divil who's hiding for his life, Colonel Costello, ye black-hearted ould villain!"

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" cried the insulted man as he sprang back and raised his walking-stick to strike the indignant soldier.

"What do I mane, is it? I called ye a black-hearted ould villain, and I didn't call ye out of yer name. Be the howly power, if ye offer to touch me with that stick I'll murder ye! Ha! ha! 'tisn't in the Cork barracks ye are now, ye ould tyrant, ye dirty upstart! Aha, 'tis many a long day I wanted to face ye, and to tell ye what every honest man in the regiment thought of ye!"

"You impudent scoundrel!" cried the enraged colonel. "How dare you insult me? I'll flog you where you stand, you cur! Take that!"

The angry man aimed a blow at the sergeant; but before the stick descended the active fellow caught it with his right hand and wrenched it from his assailant's grasp, while at the same moment he let fly with his left and sent the colonel to the ground.

"That's how I serve ye in a free land, ye ould tyrant!" cried Ned Burke, as he broke the stick on his knee, and flung the pieces into the water; "and if it wasn't that I despise to bate one like ye, I'd kick ye through the Battery like I would a football. Oh, but—"

"Scoundrel!" yelled Oscar Costello as he rushed down the path to his father's assistance, followed by the burly Tobin. "How dare you strike my father? Let's fling him into the water, Tobin."

"Ye will—will ye?" cried Ned Burke as he squared off for his new assailants. "Begor, but I'm glad to face a son of the ould tyrant; and I'm able to bate the whole of ye! Take that, me young buck! Now, ye foxy thief, I'll tend to ye!"

As the soldier uttered these words he dealt Oscar Costello a stinging blow on the nose that sent him to the ground, and then he turned on Tobin.

"Pound the life out of the scoundrel, Tobin!" cried Colonel Costello, as he sprang to his feet and made for the sergeant. "Don't spare him!"

Tobin was a stout, able man, and he knew how to handle his fists.

When Sergeant Burke let fly at him he parried the blow like a veteran boxer and then he sent a staggerer in on the soldier's face that sent him reeling backward.

At that moment Colonel Costello struck Burke another blow on the side of the head, while Oscar, who had regained his feet, was also dashing in on him with upraised hands.

"Three to one!" yelled the sergeant, as he struck out, right and left at his assailants. "Heavens alive! But I'll whale the whole of ye if ye face me like men, ye cowardly dogs! Ha! ye foxy thief, take that! Take that, ye spawn of the ould boy! Ye treacherous ould scoundrel, 'tis like ye to strike from behind; but I'll not spare ye now!"

And as the active fellow rattled away with his tongue he sprang from one to the other, dealing fierce blows and receiving those of his three assailants at the same time.

"Three to one!" cried a manly voice. "By Jove! we never stood that in Dublin. Here goes for a little manly exercise. Fair play—fair play!"

And an active young man, with black whiskers and eye-glasses, dressed in the height of fashion, took his stand beside Ned Burke and faced Oscar Costello.

One blow straight from the shoulder, and Ned Burke had but two assailants to deal with.

"Glory to ye, me bold fellow!" cried the excited soldier as he sprang on Tobin. "And now, me foxy thief, I'll polish ye off!"

"By George, old gentleman!" cried the young stranger as the enraged colonel rushed on him, "you'll have to measure the ground with your friend!"

A stunning blow on the ear sent Colonel Costello to the ground beside his son.

"Let us shoot the scoundrels, father!" yelled Oscar, as he drew a revolver.

"No, no, Oscar; we must not get into trouble!" cried the father.

"Sound advice, sir," said the young stranger as he drew a weapon from his breast-pocket. "Two can play at that game. Ha! soldier, you're having it hot and heavy, I see. Let them fight it out, sir, and I'll give you satisfaction after."

Tobin and Ned Burke were fighting away like two scientific pugilists; but it was evident that the stalwart soldier was more than a match for his red-haired antagonist.

The father and son sprang to their feet and they stood glaring at the young stranger for a moment as if undecided whether to pounce on him again or await the issue of the struggle between Tobin and Ned Burke.

At that moment several boatmen came running along the path from the landing, and the foremost sang out, as he recognized the sergeant:

"Want any help there, Sergeant Burke? What's all the row about?"

"Help for what?" cried the sergeant, as he dealt Tobin a powerful blow on the eyes that sent him to the ground. "Be heavens, Collins, 'tis only play to me to wallup a dozen like him. Get up and come at it again, ye foxy rogue!"

"I won't fight any more," grumbled the beaten Tobin.

"Come away, Oscar. Come away, Tobin!" cried Colonel Costello, as he saw the gathering crowd. "This is no place for us. Come away."

"'Tis a good ducking ye all deserve!" yelled Sergeant Burke. "Boys, boys, there's one of the greatest tyrants that ever left ould Ireland, and that young cur is his son. They're out here now after a poor young fellow that escaped from their clutches, and they want to drag him back to murder him. What don't they deserve, I ask ye?"

"Chuck them overboard!" yelled one of the boatmen.

"Douse them—douse them!" cried another.

"Come away—come away!" cried Colonel Costello, as he retreated before the angry boatmen.

Oscar glared at the sergeant as he cried:

"You contemptible hound, if you touch one of us again I'll shoot you as I would a dog!"

"Hold on there, sergeant!" cried the boatmen addressed as Collins. "Here comes the police, and you'll only be getting into trouble. Let them go; and slip out there by West street, yourself, if you don't want to be locked up. Go away, sirs, I advise you. Hold back there, boys, and don't interfere."

Colonel Costello and his son, with the beaten Tobin, scowled fiercely on Sergeant Burke as they turned and walked up toward Bowling Green, where a carriage was in waiting for them.

Sergeant Burke shook his clenched fist at his late assailants as he cried out:

"That's only a taste of what ye'll get, ye villains of the world, if I ever run across ye again! The curse of the cross be with ye wherever ye go. And where's the strapping lad that give me a hand?"

The sergeant turned to look for the young stranger with the glasses and saw him sauntering up the path toward West street.

"Bedad, but I must ask him to take a trate, anyway, for he stood to me like a man. I wonder if that blackguard of a recruit will ever turn up. Faith, but 'tis a fine ruction I had about him, anyway. Only to think that I should run across the ould tyrant of a colonel and his son."

And the sergeant ran after the young stranger as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Hould on there, me brave fellow," he said as he caught up with the young stranger. "D'ye suppose Ned Burke is going to let ye off that way?"



"Ha! by Jove!" drawled the stranger. "Then you're the very person I was looking for."

"How is that, sir?" inquired the sergeant as he stared at the black-whiskered dandy who had befriended him so effectually.

"You were—ah—looking for a recruit this morning, sergeant, I believe?"

"Bedad, I was, sir. But what's that got to do with you? You must come and take a drink with me, and 'tis my blessing you'll have for standing to me as you did."

"Pooh, sergeant, that was only a little exercise. By George! but I enjoy that kind of thing. You box pretty well, sergeant, I see."

"Pretty well—is it?" laughed the sergeant. "Begor, but Yankee Sullivan—and ye heard of him, of course—says he'll make me fit to face any man in the country. But ye mentioned me new recruit. D'ye know what became of the lying blackguard? And do ye know that them same divils is after him?"

"Your new recruit is not a lying blackguard, sergeant," returned the dandified stranger, "and he's a friend of mine, you must know. I came here to take his place, if you are willing to accept me."

"Get out of that with ye!" cried the soldier. "Is it to make game of me that ye're up to? Be heavens, for all ye give me a hand against them villains, I'd break every bone in yer body if ye come any of yer didoes over me. Ye go for a soldier!"

"By George! sergeant," drawled the young dandy, "you will really provoke me into giving you a good thrashing."

"Give me a what? Be the powers of Moll Kelly, but I'll smash yer face this minnit!"

"You're not able, sergeant," said the young exquisite, in his calm way. "'Tis a pity we're not in some quiet place, for really I do need a little more exercise this morning. I would like to give you a lesson, sergeant."

"What's that ye say? Holy Moses, but ye must be out of yer mind to offer to be up and down with, ye Dublin Jackeen! Why, I'd bate ye within an inch of yer life while ye'd be blessing yerself!"

"If we could only find some quiet place," responded the provoking dandy, "and put on the hard gloves with me, 'pon me honor you would put me under a great obligation, for I have not had a row since I left Dublin. On the honor of an Irish gentleman, sergeant, I will give you the prettiest pair of black eyes you ever saw in your life."

These words were uttered in an easy, off-hand manner, and there was not the least show of bravado about the young dandy.

The sergeant, on the other hand, was in a fearful rage.

"On the honor of an Irish soldier," he cried, "I'll give ye such a dressing that yer own mother won't know ye, ye Dublin dahleen! Don't say another word now, or I'll jump at ye here. Come with me and if I don't give ye exercise enough, put Ned Burke down for a big blower and a liar in the bargain."

"One moment, sergeant," said the smiling dandy, "I want to make you a proposition."

"What is it? Quick, for I'm tearing mad to be at ye, me young buck."

"You want a recruit this morning?"

"To be sure, I do. But what's that to do with our boxing match?"

"A good deal, sergeant. If you thrash me with the gloves I'll be your man."

"Then, begor, I'm certain of me man. Come on, till I polish ye off."

"But if I should happen to give you a drubbing, sergeant, what will you do for me?"

"Do for ye? Ha! ha! ha! but you're a droll lad, after all. Why, if ye bate me with the fists or gloves I'd be willing to swear that I'd be yer born slave forever after."

"It is a bargain, sergeant. I'll take you at your word. When is your time up in the army?"

"The day after to-morrow; but I thought of enlisting for another term. Don't be making me wild, but come and take the beating."

"Wait till we shake hands on the bargain, sergeant," said the young dandy, earnestly. "If you beat me with the fists or gloves I promise and swear to enlist in your company. If I should happen to beat you, you swear to follow me and do my bidding. Is it a bargain?"

"Begor, but it is; and it's the queerest bargain I ever heard of. There's me hand and word on it, though I can't

make out what ye're up to. Come on now, and we'll settle it at Yankee Sullivan's."

"By George!" said the young dandy; "but I do feel the blood circulating more freely now. Sergeant, you are a Godsend; head on to the field of battle!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A LESSON IN BOXING.

Fifteen minutes after, a cab pulled up at Yankee Sullivan's house on Chatham street and the young dandy with the glasses, and Ned Burke, sprang down and entered the place.

"How are you, sergeant—and how's every inch of you?" inquired an active man of forty, whose battered face told of many desperate encounters.

"Tip-top, Yankee!" replied Ned Burke. "This is a friend of mine. Can I have a private word with you?"

"Certainly, Ned. Come this way."

And the famous pugilist led the way into the back room where Sergeant Burke, in a few words, explained the object of their visit.

"So you want a quiet set-to, eh?" inquired the veteran boxer as he cast his eye on the stalwart soldier and then on the young dandy. "This youngster is not your match, sergeant. I hope there's no bad blood between you."

"The dickens a bit, Yankee. We want a little innocent diversion only," replied Ned, with a smile.

"The truth is, Mr. Sullivan," said the young dandy, "the sergeant here is going to give me a lesson, and there's a kind of a bet between us. You must be umpire, and see fair play."

And the young fellow, in a few words, explained the strange arrangement entered into.

"A devilish queer bet, sir," said Yankee; "and I can't see what you're driving at. I'm afraid you're no match for Ned here. But you must have fair play, and no mistake. Come on."

And Yankee Sullivan led the way upstairs to a large room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust.

Having locked the door on the inside, and put the key into his pocket, he turned to the soldier, saying:

"Hadn't you better try the soft gloves, Ned? You don't want to hurt him?"

"Faith, Yankee, I'd sooner have the hard ones and finish it sooner."

"All the same to me, by Jove!" remarked the young dandy; "only I don't want to kill the sergeant, as I intend that we shall be the best of friends hereafter."

"Bad luck to yer impudence!" cried the soldier as he proceeded to pull off his coat and vest. "I'll give ye an extra dressing for that. The hard gloves, Yankee, by all means."

"As you please, sir. Now for it, sergeant."

"Be heavens!" cried Ned Burke, as he faced his young opponent, "now that I see yer eye, ye 'mind me of the chap last night."

A strange smile passed over the dandy's face, but he did not make a reply.

"Ready!" cried Yankee Sullivan. "Fair play, now, and no striking foul or I'll take a hand in. Set-to!"

To all appearance it was anything but an even match.

Sergeant Burke stood six feet at least; and he was a strong, active man.

Yankee Sullivan, on a former occasion, asserted that the soldier would face any man in the world, providing he had him under training for one year.

The young dandy was about five feet ten inches, and his strength was not fully developed; yet the veteran pugilist could see that his arms were long and sinewy; that his muscles stood out well; and that he had a bold, piercing eye.

"A dangerous customer," muttered Yankee, "if he has the science."

"Look out for your eye, me young buck!" cried the soldier as he made a pass at his opponent. "Begor, that was stopped nicely."

"That wasn't!" cried the dandy as he struck him full on the nose with the hard glove. "First blood for me, Mr. Sullivan."

"I'll murder ye, ye villain!" roared Ned Burke, as he dashed in at his man. "I'll pound ye while I can stand over ye!"



"Look out and keep cool, Ned!" cried Yankee Sullivan. "The youngster is no muff."

The warning came too late.

Rushing in like a mad bull the sergeant let fly right and left.

His active opponent dodged and parried the fierce blows, springing around the room and laughing the while as he sent his gloved hands against the big fellow's eyes, and mouth, and nose.

"Take it easy, I tell you, you big fool!" cried Yankee Sullivan, as he watched the play with the eye of a critic. "Blow me, if you haven't found more than your match, sergeant. Youngster, wherever you took lessons you're a regular stunner. Take it easy, I say, sergeant."

But the angry sergeant couldn't take it easy, for the young dandy was peppering him right and left.

Every blow the sergeant received only served to anger him more and more, as he yelled:

"I'll kill him if I get in on him. He must be the devil himself, Yankee, to bate me this way—the Turk. I must close on him."

And then with a savage yell the infuriated soldier sprang in on his opponent, dashed down his guards by main strength and grabbed him around the waist.

"Now we'll see if ye can wrastle as good as ye can box!" he yelled, "for I'm going to smash yer bones on the floor!"

"None of that, Ned, on your life!" cried Yankee Sullivan. "Don't hurt the youngster. He must have fair play in my house."

"Let us alone, sir," cried the young dandy as he managed to secure a grip on the big sergeant's waist. "A fall or two won't hurt me. Now, sergeant, do your best."

With a powerful effort the strong soldier raised his young opponent from his feet and then attempted to dash him to the floor.

But the young dandy, by an active movement, succeeded in baffling the violent attempt, and landed on his feet.

Before the sergeant could be on his guard he received a sharp kick on the shin, and at the same moment, by a quick and vigorous movement, he was hurled to the floor, his head striking heavily as he fell.

"Completely floored, sergeant!" cried Yankee Sullivan, as he grasped the young dandy's hand. "Who in the name of wonder are you at all, young fellow, and where did you come from?"

"That's what I want to know, be heavens!" cried Sergeant Burke, as he sat on the floor and rubbed his head. "He's the Ould Boy himself, or some great English or Irish boxer come over here to take the starch out of yerself, Yankee."

"I never fought in the ring in my life, and I never will," returned the young dandy, with a smile. "I am only a young Irish lad from the city of Cork, out here to seek my fortune."

As the young fellow uttered these words he pulled off his false whiskers and stood smiling at the doubly astonished sergeant.

"Heavens and earth!" cried the sergeant, "if it isn't the young rascal who offered to 'list with me last evening. Oh, murther in Irish!"

"And you must 'list with me now, sergeant," said the young dandy, "unless you want to keep on with the exercise."

"I give in—I give in!" cried the beaten man. "Are ye in earnest about it?"

"I am in earnest, sergeant. You must keep your word and serve me now according to our bargain, you know. Was it not fair, Mr. Sullivan?"

"Fair—fair—of course it was. Sergeant, you must stick to it."

"Begor, then," returned the sergeant, "but I'll stick to ye forever and a day. Ye're the first man I've met that's fit to be my master."

"What is your name, sir?" inquired Yankee Sullivan, who had been regarding the bold, handsome young fellow with scrutinizing glances.

"I am called Bernard Collier," replied the young man as he looked at the pugilist with a fearless eye, "wherever you see me in this rig."

"Is that your real name?" inquired the pugilist, as he watched the young man. "Don't think I want to pry into your secrets; but your face is very familiar to me, young sir, and I may be able to do you a good turn yet."

"My real name is Gerald O'Grady, and I know I can trust you both," replied the young fellow.

"Great heavens!" cried Sergeant Burke, as he stared at

the manly fellow; "then you're the very lad Colonel Costello is after."

"One moment, sir," said Yankee Sullivan, as he drew Gerald aside, "you can trust me with your life. I read some time ago of the escape of a young fellow from Spike Island, and his trying to kill two officers in the harbor."

"I am that young fellow," returned Gerald, boldly.

"I thought so," said Yankee. "About a year ago I read of the attempted escape of a great convict robber in Australia. He was the terror of the English governor out there for years. They took him at last, and one night, as he attempted to escape from prison with one of his comrades, he was killed."

"That man was my father," said Gerald. "His comrade escaped, and he is here in this city now."

"Do you know who sent your father to transportation for life, Gerald O'Grady?" inquired Yankee Sullivan, in an earnest way.

"I do. I know who robbed me of my fortune, and who made a branded convict of me also," hissed the young man.

"I knew your father, Gerald O'Grady," said Yankee, "and you're not his son if you don't get satisfaction."

"That's my mission now, sir," said Gerald. "That's why I want to enlist this brave fellow with me, for I know he hates Colonel Costello also. That's why I adopted this disguise, for I wanted to see if he would know me."

"Yer own mother wouldn't know ye!" cried Sergeant Burke, "and yer voice is changed at that. I'm with ye, heart and sowl, against this tyrant, Colonel Costello, for I have an old grudge to settle with him."

"If you should need another friend, sir," said Yankee Sullivan, "don't forget that I knew your father well, and that I am only too willing to help his son against his enemies."

"Thank you, sir. I may call on you. And now for a drink to our better acquaintance."

Tobin and the Costellos met at their room in Bleecker street the following night. They came to the conclusion to take Bernard Collier into their game, when that person surprised them by walking into their presence. They put their heads together to form their plans, after which they started out to fulfil them. Soon they perceived Gerald going toward the river and followed after. They little thought that Gerald knew they were following him, and they were led by Gerald to a bad neighborhood, were set upon by a party in the pay of Gerald and made prisoners and taken to an old deserted house and tied up in the cellar.

There the Costellos were put through the third degree, Gerald telling them he would not up until they told him where his mother was. He was told his mother was held prisoner in a certain house in Jersey City. Gerald told his friends to hold the prisoners for a certain length of time while he went to release his mother. He hired a coach, drove to the place, rescued his mother, and was taking her home when he was again set upon by the Costellos and Tobin, who had been set free. They captured him, tied him up in an old unused house, left Tobin as guard over the house and then the Costellos drove away in the coach with Gerald's mother; but they did not know that an old seaman was concealed under the stoop, and had seen all.

## CHAPTER IX.

### TOBIN IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Though Tobin declared that he was not afraid of the devil himself he showed a decided reluctance to entering that old house after the carriage drove away with Colonel Costello.

Gerald O'Grady was lying on the bare cellar floor, his hands and feet bound together, a rope around his waist secured to one of the posts, and the gag was still in his mouth.

Though secured in this way in the dark cellar, the lad's mind was as free and as active as ever; and he no sooner heard the retreating footsteps of his vile captors than he commenced to plan and to work for life and liberty.

By rubbing the gag against his shoulder the determined lad succeeded in freeing his mouth; and then he turned his attention to the rope that secured his body to the post.

A stealthy step was heard on the cellar steps outside; a fumbling with the key in the door; a footfall on the hard, cellar floor, and then Gerald was certain that Tobin had returned.

"Who are you?" demanded Gerald.

"It matters not to you if I'm the ghost of the Dutchman, so I set you free," was the stranger's response.



"Faith, but you're right there," said Gerald; "and that same ghost would be welcome now if that was his purpose. But here I am; and let me see if you make good your words, whoever you are."

"Are you bound yet?" inquired the voice as the speaker drew near the prisoner.

"Hands and feet," was the reply. "If you have a knife, get to work, and heaven reward you."

"What's your name, and where do you come from?" inquired the stranger, in the same low voice, while he proceeded to cut the cords.

Gerald hesitated a moment before replying to this question, as he was not yet fully assured of the stranger's honest intentions.

"Bernard Collier," he replied at length, "and I come from Ireland."

"Collier—Collier," repeated the stranger. "And what spite has Colonel Costello against you that he should treat you in this way?"

"'Tis too long a story to tell now," replied Gerald; "but if you prove my friend in this scrape, I'll tell you all and reward you well, too."

"I'm not looking for reward, sir," said the stranger, "and I don't seek to know your business. I am only too willing to assist any one that Costello lifts his hands against in this world, for he's a born scoundrel. But I won't say any more about that now. The man that's left here to watch you is lying up in the hall, sound asleep."

"Tobin?" inquired Gerald.

"I believe that's what Costello called him," replied the stranger. "Will you slip out over him and make off, or—"

"No, by heavens!" interrupted Gerald, "I'll do nothing of the kind. If you hate Colonel Costello you'll help me to take that scoundrel and tie him down here where they left me. Man alive, he's a greater villain than the other, if it's possible. Tell me who you are at all, so that I can rely on you fully."

As Gerald uttered these words he followed the stranger to the cellar door.

"Whoever he is," yelled a murderous voice at the threshold, "he'll die like a dog! Take that, ye meddling fool!"

The stranger felt the barrel of a pistol thrust against his face, and then followed the snap of the weapon without any explosion following.

"Bah!" cried the old sailor as he seized the weapon and sprang on Tobin. "Do you suppose I was fool enough to leave the pistol with you, loaded. Take that, you rogue!"

"Let me at him," said Gerald, as he sprang on his old foe. "Tobin, ye villain, 'tis my turn again."

Down on the hard floor went Gerald and the two men, and Tobin was under his assailants.

"Leave him to me, young man!" cried the old sailor as he pounded away on Tobin's face, "and you go and bring the rope and gag here. Strike a light if you can. Ha! you scoundrel, do you think you're able for me, eh? Take that! and that!"

There was something so stern and commanding in the voice of the stranger, and he seemed so confident in his ability to master Tobin that Gerald was compelled to obey him.

And yet Tobin fought and struggled with force and fury, realizing at the same time that he was in the hands of a fearful adversary.

"Don't let him go, on your life!" cried Gerald, as he felt in the dark for the cords and gag.

"Never fear that, young sir," replied the old sailor, pressing his knees on Tobin's breast, while he clutched the struggling man's throat with an iron grip. "Have you found the cord?"

"Here it is," replied Gerald.

"Put your hand in my pocket and take out a match," continued the stranger. "Now, you tool of a villain, have you found the cord?"

"Here it is," replied Gerald.

"Put your hand in my pocket and take out a match," continued the stranger. "Now, you tool of a villain, have you found your match?"

"Don't murder me!" gasped Tobin.

"You deserve it, you hound!" said Gerald, as he bent down to assist in securing his foe. "Oh, if we only had Colonel Costello here with you now!"

"He'll be here to look for him in the morning," returned the old sailor. "We'll keep this rascal here as a bait for him."

"Heaven bles syou, whoever you are!" said Gerald to the old stranger, as they dragged Tobin to his post, "for you

are a Godsend to me. There's a lamp here in the corner, and I'll light it. Ha! ha! Tobin, roguery and villainy never win in the long run."

Gerald proceeded to get the lamp and light it; and then it did not take them long to secure and gag Tobin.

Then Gerald turned to the ragged and weather-beaten sailor, and seized his hand, cordially, saying:

"You helped me to-night to right a great wrong, and to baffle one of the greatest scoundrels on earth, sir. Leave him there now, and come with me. Let us see what money you have about you, Tobin."

And Gerald did not scruple to deprive the wretch of all the ready cash he had in his pockets.

"Now, sir," said Gerald, to the old sailor, as they stood on the sidewalk outside of the old house, "you have saved my life, and I will be your friend while I live. What can I do for you?"

The old sailor regarded the lad with earnest eyes, ere he replied:

"You have a good, honest face, and I will trust you. I am a poor outcast, without a home or a friend in this wide world. When I stretched myself to rest under there to-night it was my purpose to go look for a ship to take me to England or Ireland in the morning. Now, since I saw the man who brought you here in the coach a while ago, I have changed my mind. If he is your enemy I'll be your friend. Don't ask me any more questions, for I can't answer you."

"Then take some of this money and get what you want, if you won't come with me. You have his pistol. Come back here as soon as you can and watch him. If Colonel Costello comes back here before I do you'll know what to do with him. If that driver comes here first, let him have his way, even if he sets Tobin free; but track them where they go."

"I understand, Mr. Collier," returned the old sailor, "and you may rely upon me."

"Wait here a moment," continued Gerald, as he returned to the old house, having given the old sailor some of the money taken from Tobin.

## CHAPTER X.

### A TRYING MOMENT.

The Costellos took the coach with Gerald's mother in it to an old farmhouse. They then left the woman in Tatter Jack's care while they proceeded towards New York. Tatter Jack took the woman into the house. She was insensible.

The unscrupulous wretch bore the woman into an inner apartment; and then, lifting a trap door, he carried his victim down a rude ladder.

Once below the rascal did not take long to secure the unfortunate creature with cords.

Leaving the insensible woman in that hiding place Tatter Jack ascended to the room above, kicked the ladder away from the trap door and hastened away to his hiding place in the wood, just as Ned Burke and the young driver returned from their unsuccessful pursuit of the carriage.

We neglected to state that a fight had occurred between Gerald's friends on the coach and the Costello party some time before they captured Gerald. Gerald's friends were Ned Burke and the driver, and they were left in the woods in the scrimmage.

"Mrs. O'Grady, ma'am," said Ned Burke, as he reached the house, "where are ye, at all? Come, ma'am—come; we must be off to New York after the devils, for that's where they faced to."

Of course, there was no reply to this appeal.

"She must have gone to see the man on the road, friend," said the driver, "for she ain't around here anywhere, or she'd answer."

"Begor, you're right!" responded Ned Burke. "Let's make out there at once. We must tend to the master, anyway, for he's the boss of us all. Come along, me lad—come along. But hold on till I give another call for her."

"Call away till ye bust!" muttered Tatter Jack in his hiding place. "But ye'll never find her till I handle me honest-earned money."

"Bad cess to the luck!" said Ned Burke, as he hastened through the wood with his companion. "Here the master is



down, Gerald's mother is missing after we fought so hard for her, and the dear lad himself is whipped off by the villains."

So they returned to Maurice Collier, who was setting on a stone by the roadside, nursing a sprain he had received in an ankle.

To say that Maurice Collier was furious when he heard of the results of the encounters with the ruffians and the disappearance of the woman, will be simply expressing his words and actions.

"Be thunder, sir!" cried the young driver, "there was one of the skunks laid out in the woods, and he didn't turn up after."

"That's the man who pounced on her, sure as you live!" cried Maurice Collier. "Come here and let me lean on the pair of you and I'll hop back to that house. We'll search it from bottom to top, and the grounds around it. I won't go back for Gerald until we find his mother."

Back through the woods the determined man limped, supported by Ned Burke and the young driver, and not a moan escaped from him, although he was suffering intense agony from his swollen ankle.

Ned and the young driver spent some time in looking for the woman, but they did not discover the trap door in the inner room.

"'Tis no use, sir," said Ned at length as he returned with his friend from a futile search in the out-house. "They must have whipped her away with them, somewhere."

"Then you and your friend will go and get a conveyance and go to New York," responded the resolute man; "look for Gerald by watching Colonel Costello and Tobin. I will remain here to watch for poor Mary. Send me some one from the next house you come to, and send something to eat and drink."

Ned Burke did not attempt to remonstrate with Maurice Collier, for he knew that the man's mind was made up.

Placing some bread and water and a revolver on the table where Tatter Jack's whisky bottle was still lying, Ned and his companions assisted the watcher to his position near by, and then, with prayers and good wishes for his well being, the faithful friends started out on their journey.

Maurice Collier sat there for some time, thinking over the events of the night, and of his adventurous life, while every now and then he poured a little cold water on his heated ankle.

He did not hear the low moans that broke from the bound woman in the cellar; he did not hear the stealthy step outside; and he did not see the villainous eyes peering at him from the window.

"Poor, dear Mary!" he muttered. "Where can you be, at all? To think that I should see you and then to lose you so soon. Where are you, my poor girl?"

"What would ye give to know?" said a rough voice at the window. "Don't touch that pistol or I'll blow yer brains out!"

Maurice Collier turned to the window and beheld the barrel of a revolver leveled at him, while behind it was Tatter Jack's rascally face.

## CHAPTER XI.

### TATTER JACK AND THE LAME MAN.

Maurice Collier looked at the villainous face behind the revolver for some moments, while his own hand was on the weapon on the table; and it flashed through the man's mind that he had seen those eyes, and that he had heard that rough voice far away in the wilds of Australia.

"Who in the mischief can the fellow be?" thought Maurice, as he kept his eyes fixed on Tatter Jack's face. "His voice is very familiar."

Then raising his own voice he cried:

"What are you up to, you scoundrel?"

"What am I up to—is it?" replied Tatter, with a grim smile. "Begor, but I'm up to making a good haul wherever I can, and I never had a better chance than now, I'm thinking."

Maurice Collier realized at once that he had to deal with an unscrupulous rascal, and one who would not hesitate to kill him on the spot; and yet the wanderer was determined to brave the issue by defying the would-be murderer.

Maurice Collier, as we have witnessed, was a man of many resources; and it is not to be supposed that one who could feign death, when a being very near and dear to him was flying from her enemies, would now be at a loss for an expedient to baffle the scoundrel outside.

And yet Maurice Collier realized at that moment that it would be necessary to use a little strategy in order to bring the villain within the reach of his strong arm.

"'Tis money you want, then?" he replied, as he withdrew his hand from the revolver on the table and placed it in his pocket. "How much will you take to show me where the woman is at present?"

"A thousand pounds," replied Tatter Jack, "or five thousand dollars in the American money. 'Tis all one to me. I'm sure of half of it for holding her for the colonel, and no mistake."

"Here it is for you," said Maurice Collier, as he drew forth a well-filled wallet. "Come in and go it, for I can't stir with my foot."

"Do ye take me for a born fool, to venture in there so that ye could blaze away at me with that pistol before ye?" replied the cunning Tatter.

The rascal's eyes gleamed with avarice as he looked at the wallet in the stranger's hand, and he muttered to himself:

"Bedad, but this is a great Godsend, intirely! I'll have every penny he's got afore I'm done with him; and I'll get me five hundred pounds from the colonel after."

"You are a great fool or a coward," replied Maurice Collier, "to think that a maimed man would be up and down with you. There! Now come in and I'll settle with you at once."

As the man at the table uttered these words he flung the revolver across the room and then held up his hands.

"Begor, he manes fair, and so do I!" muttered Tatter Jack, with a grim smile. "'Tis every penny of that money I'll have!"

And still holding his revolver presented at the maimed stranger, the treacherous scoundrel sprang through the window.

"So 'tis the woman ye want to find, sir?" he commenced, as he kept one eye on the stranger and the other on the wallet on the table.

"'Tis the woman I want to find," replied the stranger, in a gruff, assuming voice, as he fixed his flashing eyes on Tatter. "Here's one thousand pounds for you, if you show me where she is."

"Count it out there for me, then."

"Count it yourself," said Maurice Collier, as he pushed the wallet toward Tatter. "Ugh! how my ankle pains me. I must rub more of this liquor on it before I can say any more."

And the man reached across the table for the black bottle, while Tatter Jack seized the wallet in his ravenous paws.

"Faith, but I ought to charge ye for that fine whisky ye're wasting on me, too," he laughed, as he clapped the wallet in his pocket; "but I won't be too hard on ye. Supposing ye keep the whisky and I'll keep the money safe for ye till I have time to count it. Ha! ha! ha! Fair exchange, ye know, sir, is no robbery."

"That's true, Jack Welsh, you villain!" cried the man. "Take that!"

With a lightning-like movement Maurice Collier struck the rascal in the face with the bottle, while at the same moment he seized the pistol and turned it toward the ceiling.

Bang! went the weapon, and down on the floor by the table went Tatter Jack, with his assailant over him.

"In the name of wonder, who are ye at all?" gasped the defeated wretch as he stared at his foe. "Oh, murther! murther! I know ye now, captain. Heavenly Father, is it living or dead ye are?"

"Alive, you infernal rascal!" cried Maurice Collier, in a fierce voice, "and I'll soon make a corpse of you if you don't do my bidding. Is this the way you treat me after your oath, you dog? Do you forget how I saved your worthless life when the bloodhounds were after you in the woods of Australia?"

"Stop—stop, captain, agra, and I'll tell ye. I'll go for her this minnit an' bring her to ye!" yelled Tatter, as he stared at the uplifted bottle.

"Silence, you scoundrel!" cried Maurice Collier as he bent his ear to listen. "What is that I hear?"

"'Tis only the cats outside, sir!" cried Tatter, eagerly. "They're always whining about here be night."

"That's not a cat, you infernal scoundrel. Don't open your lips again!"

The cold perspiration rolled down on Tatter Jack's face as he stared at the deadly weapon, while Maurice Collier listened anxiously to the suppressed moaning that arose from the cellar under the back room.



"That's a human voice!" he cried as he seized the trembling wretch once more. "Great heavens! she's down in some hole under here all this time, you dastardly fiend! Up and bear me to her at once. No more humbugging, you lying scoundrel!"

Maurice Collier fairly dragged the wretch from his knees to his feet as he uttered these words, and he sprang from his chair at the same moment.

Tatter Jack knew that it was now impossible to conceal the woman's hiding place, as the groans could be heard distinctly; but the desperate wretch was determined to make another effort to baffle and defeat the lame man.

Hopping on one leg Maurice Collier dragged Tatter Jack to the inner room; and then the groans and moans were heard more distinctly.

"Up with that trap door, you scoundrel, and then down with you, and bring her up here. Oh, Mary—Mary, poor girl, what a place to put you! Ah, you villain, you'll suffer for this!"

"I didn't put her there, captain, at all—at all!" cried Tatter Jack as he lifted the trap door.

The man bent down to gaze into the dark cellar, crying:

"Mary—Mary, I'm coming to save ye! Down with you, you villain!"

"Down with yerself, and the divil give ye welcome!" cried Tatter Jack, springing suddenly on the unguarded man and flinging him into the cellar. "Ha! ha! ha! As brave and as clever as you are, me brave captain, ye're not able to be up and down with Jack Welsh yet, in the long run. Now, ye murdering thief, I'll have yer money and yer life at that!"

Then the triumphant wretch indulged in a yell of joy as he closed the trap and sprang out to the other room to secure one of the revolvers which Maurice Collier had left on the table.

"I must make haste and finish them both off, grab the money and be off afore them chaps he mentioned comes here," he muttered, as he stole back to the inner room. "I wonder if he's sensible after that toss. Oh, bedad, there's not a stir out of him, and the woman is quiet, too. There's nothing for me to do but finish the pair of them, take the money, set the house on fire and be off!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### FAITHFUL FANNIE ON THE WATCH.

When Colonel Costello left the deserted house with Tobin, in order to go and drag Gerald from the coach and carry him to that old house in the Jersey wood, his daughter Fannie was weeping.

The poor girl was deeply afflicted, indeed, at the incidents of the night.

"Oh, what can I do at all?" muttered Fannie. "I know father and that hateful Tobin are away now on a fiendish mission, and I have no one that I can call on to help the poor fellow. Oh, I do wish Mr. Collier and his nephew would come, and I'd confide in them. Poor Gerald! Poor Gerald! How they have abused you!"

And the distressed girl flung herself on a chair, striving to form some plan for Gerald's protection.

Hour after hour passed away, and she listened for her father's footsteps on the stairs, while she continued to weep and pray for her young lover, hoping also for the return of old Collier and his nephew.

Toward morning a violent ring was heard at the door-bell and the impetuous Fannie sprang downstairs to open it, muttering:

"'Tis father or the others. I'll soon know what they have done with Gerald."

A moment after and her father's voice was heard at the door, saying:

"You call down there as soon as you can, driver. I might not be able to leave my son."

"All right, sir," replied the driver.

And then Fannie heard the coach driving away from the door.

"Oh, father!" she cried, as she opened the door, "I have been waiting for you. Where have you been all the night?"

"What are you doing down here at this hour, girl?" replied the angry man. "Up with you to bed at once."

It was after eight o'clock on the following morning when the colonel led his daughter down to the breakfast table, and

the first person he encountered there was the young dandy, Bernard Collier.

"Morning, colonel; good morning, Miss Fannie," lisped the young dandy. "Hear Oscar met with an accident last night. By George, they gave me a rough shaking also. What has become of my uncle, colonel?"

"Why, he went to look for you, sir," replied Colonel Costello. "Has he not returned?"

"By Jove! he has not been in his room all night, colonel, but he'll come home all safe. A hardy old gentleman, that uncle of mine, Miss Fannie. I say, colonel, I hear you secured that daring rascal."

"Yes—yes," returned the colonel as he drew the young man out in the hall. "I would like to speak to you a moment, Mr. Collier. How did you escape last night, after you were knocked down in that hall? I thought you were killed."

"Me killed! Ha! ha! that's a good joke, colonel, 'pon my word. By Jove! I got a hard crack, though, you may rely on it. Halloo, here's your man Friday."

"Ha! Tobin!" cried the colonel as that individual rushed into the hall. "What's the matter now?"

"Matter, sir? Why, that born divil has escaped again and he came near killing me. Come up to the room, sir, a moment, for I have something saycret to tell you."

"Escaped again!" muttered the colonel as he followed Tobin upstairs, leaving the pretended Bernard Collier smiling in the hall. "He is a born devil in earnest, curse him! Tobin—Tobin, all is lost unless we secure the woman again. Tell me what happened."

The last words were uttered in the private room to which Tobin had hastily led him.

"Listen to me, sir," said Tobin, "and don't be commencing to blame me."

And the man gave an account of his encounter with the old sailor in the cellar, his capture by Gerald and his assailant, and then his release by Jake Johnson, the driver, half an hour before.

In the meantime the pretended Bernard Collier was standing in the hall, muttering:

"I suppose that driver let Tobin go and the old sailor didn't offer to stop him, as I advised him. Now, I must be off to meet him, and look for mother and the others. Good morning, Miss Fannie."

"One moment, Mr. Collier, I beg of you," said Fannie, as she laid her hand on his arm and led him into the parlor. "I want to speak a word to you."

"A thousand, if you like," was the lad's gallant reply as he bent his earnest eyes on the fond girl before him. "You know I love you dearly."

"And I told you before that I can never return that love, Mr. Collier. Oh, if you care for me now, do me a kindness. Listen to me."

And the confiding girl told the young man the whole story of her love and her sorrows, and the anguish she was in at that moment, fearing that her lover was in the power of his merciless enemies.

"Oh, Mr. Collier," she cried, "do assist me in saving this poor fellow. He hasn't a friend in the world save myself, and I'd die to save him. I know you are generous and you'll forgive me for refusing you when I tell you that I loved poor Gerald O'Grady ever since I first met him."

"By Jove! Miss Fannie," returned the disguised lad, while his heart was bounding with joy, and he could hardly refrain from clasping the devoted girl to his breast, "but you are in a dilemma. Hang me if I wouldn't run off with the lucky dog and marry him at once."

"Oh, that is impossible, sir," said Fannie. "I would fly with him to-morrow, to-day, this hour, if he could only fly with me."

"He's here, and he's ready, my own darling, my fond girl, my truest of the true!" cried Gerald, as he clasped the young girl in his arms and kissed her over and over again. "Don't be frightened, Fannie, for I am your own Gerald."

And the daring fellow pulled off the eyeglasses and the false whiskers, displaying to Fannie the well-known features of her young lover.

"Gracious heavens, Gerald!" she cried, "put them on again at once. Oh, if father recognized you he would shoot you on the instant! Is it possible that you were Gerald all the time, and I didn't know you? Oh, what will we do now?"

"Fly with me at once, darling," was the impetuous reply. "I have found a good friend who is able to protect us. I have found my poor mother, whom your father has kept



concealed for so long. Oh, Fannie, darling, 'tis a pity he's your father, for he's the greatest villain unhung to-day!"

"Hush, Gerald—hush!"

"I can't, Fannie, when I think of all I have suffered at his hands. My darling, I know you'd forgive me if you saw me killing him. Only for your sake I'd have lashed him last night, as I did Oscar. If I knew as much then as I know now I'd have killed him. But I won't talk of it any more. Come with me at once. Your father and Tobin are upstairs plotting against me. On with your things and slip out of the door. I will meet you up at Broadway. Come, Fannie!"

"Oh, don't ask me, Gerald!"

"Remember your promise long ago on the banks of the Bandon River, darling. Come with me now, and I'll love you and guard you through life."

"I'll go with you, Gerald," said the confiding girl, "for I can't endure to remain with father and Oscar any longer. I'll trust you forever, but do try and forgive them for my sake."

Half an hour after, when Colonel Costello went to his daughter's room to call her to account for what she had said to Oscar on the previous evening, he found a note in the deserted apartment which read as follows:

"COLONEL COSTELLO.—I told you before that I would lash and brand your cowardly son, and I have kept my word to the letter, as you are aware. I also promised you the same dose, but I was inclined to spare you for your daughter's sake. If you seek to injure me again I'll keep my oath."

"I once told you that I would marry your angel daughter in spite of you, and I am now in a fair way to accomplish it as Fannie will be with me when you read this."

"Once for all, I tell you that it will be wise for you to surrender your ill-gotten wealth and give up persecuting me. If you do not heed this warning I will never attempt to stay the dreadful vengeance that is now pursuing you."

"Your dutiful son-in-law that soon will be,

"GERALD O'GRADY."

It is not possible to describe the rage and astonishment of the bewildered conspirator when he perused this note; and when he returned to Oscar's room, where Tobin awaited him, his face wore a livid hue, while his eyes were glaring with passion.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE CUNNING TOBIN MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Colonel Costello was so fearfully agitated that he could not utter a coherent expression for some time, but strode to and fro in the room, now glaring at Tobin, and then at his lashed and branded son, while he hissed forth maledictions between his clenched teeth.

Tobin watched his master with a curious eye, and there was a peculiar expression in the villain's face as he looked at the note which the colonel still held in his hand.

"What is the matter now, father?" inquired Oscar, as he turned on his bed of pain.

"Matter!" cried the excited man. "The furies and all the fiends are conspiring against us. Fannie has eloped with that infernal young puppy!"

"With young Collier, sir?" inquired Tobin.

"No, no! With Gerald O'Grady. Oh, curse him—a thousand curses rest on him! He is in league with the devil himself."

"What have you discovered, father?" inquired Oscar.

"Why, the servant girl tells me that she saw Fannie get into a coach on Broadway with Bernard Collier, half an hour ago. Oh, this is too much!"

"And here comes Tatter Jack across the street!" cried Tobin, who had been looking out of the front window. "Be heaven, but he looks as if he had good news. I'll bring him up, sir."

And Tobin rushed downstairs to meet his companion in crime and treachery.

A few minutes afterward he returned to the bedroom, leading Tatter Jack with him.

"Great news intirely, sir," said Tobin, as he closed the door. "Speak aisy now and we'll have the game in our own hands."

"What is it, Tatter?" inquired the colonel, in an anxious tone. "You look as if you had found a crock of gold."

"And, bedad, but I have found a real mine, sir," replied Tatter, with a broad grin; "and 'tis you'll say I deserve it, when I tell ye what I done for ye. The woman is safe and the man you most dreaded on earth is safe with her."

"What do you mean, Jack?" inquired Colonel Costello.

"I mean what I say, sir. The woman that made away from ye last night is now safe and sound up in the ould house; and the man ye most dreaded on earth is safe with her."

"Great heavens, you don't say so!" cried the colonel. "Why, man, he's not alive."

"He was alive, and not much worse an hour or so ago," responded Tatter. "He'll live till I get the police on him and get me reward. There's a thousand pounds offered for him in Australia, and a free pardon to any one who gives him up."

"And is it the man we see dead on the road be the horse, Tatter?" inquired Tobin.

"The same man; and 'tis a hard battle he gave me for a dead man. Howsumever, I got him down in the hole at last, with the woman, and he was stunned by the fall. When I slipped down there he was, lying speechless beside her, and she almost as bad herself."

"Glory to ye, Jack!" said Tobin. "Faith, but 'tis ye aimed yer money. And what did ye do then?"

"I wasn't sooner out of the hole when I heard some fellows bawling outside; and who should they be but some country neighbors, set on be the two chaps that tackled us in the woods."

"Well, well; did you get rid of them?" inquired the colonel.

"Of course, sir. I told them that the city chaps must be either making fun of them or that they came to the wrong house; that they could come in and look for themselves, if they liked, but that me wife was sick with small-pox—that's what I give out there before—and 'twould be safe for them to come in."

"You're a cute rascal, Jack," said Tobin; "so, of course, they went away?"

"Of course they did. Then I dressed me wound, slept till morning, and here I am. But I forgot to tell ye—who should I see driving up the road as I came through the woods, but the two devils that bate us last night, and inside the coach was a young dandy and a purty girl."

"Gerald O'Grady, with Fannie, going looking for his mother!" hissed Colonel Costello. "I'd give half my fortune to have that young scoundrel in my power now!"

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A PLEASANT DRIVE AND A DISCOVERY.

When Gerald O'Grady left the old sailor on the sidewalk, after having secured Tobin in the cellar, he returned to the old house, in order to find and put on the disguise suit he had flung aside before he wreaked his revenge on Oscar Costello, and that he had not time to secure when attacked by the police.

The exultant lad found his suit, false whiskers, etc., in a secret closet which had been overlooked by the officers; and when he appeared before his "friend in need," in the disguise, the old sailor was completely surprised at the change.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried the old man as he stared at the young dandy. "I thought that I could show you a trick or two in that way, but you can beat me, out and out."

"I put this on now, my good friend," returned Gerald, "that you might know me when you see me again. And so you find it necessary to assume disguises also, sir?"

"I do, young man; but I hope you won't ask me any more questions about myself, or I'm afraid we'll have a falling out. I promise you to fight your battles to the death against Colonel Costello; but it is not necessary that you should know more about me than you do now."

"Never fear that I'll pry into your business, sir," responded Gerald. "Here's my address, if the scoundrel should escape. If Colonel Costello comes here first, secure him if you can."

"Trust to me, young man. Now I'll go and get something to eat and drink, for I'm almost famished."

And Gerald parted with the old sailor, wondering the while who and what he could be, for he was more than interested in his new friend.

"They're all down here by this time," he muttered as he



turned his steps toward the boarding house. "If I go to meet them I may miss them. I'll go to my room and take a rest for a couple of hours, and then I'll be off to look for mother. I wouldn't wonder if Mr. Collier was home before me."

Though Gerald was in daily conference with the mysterious man who had befriended him he did not attempt to question him as to his real name and antecedents.

And now he is wending his way to the boarding house in the hope of obtaining a private interview with Fannie before starting out to join his mother.

Gerald slipped into the boarding house with his latch-key, and then stole silently up to his room, without being aware that Fannie was watching for his footsteps until daylight.

In the morning, as we have seen, he encountered Colonel Costello and his daughter, and then Tobin's appearance gave the young man the desired opportunity.

When Fannie went up to her own room to make her preparations for flight, Gerald hurried out in the street in the hope of finding some one of his trusty friends near at hand.

And he was not disappointed, for the old sailor was watching for him at one corner, while Ned Burke and the young driver, Sam Smith, were on the lookout for him in a bar-room close by.

A peculiar whistle from the doorway of that barroom caused Gerald to invite the old sailor into the place; and then Gerald introduced his new friend to Ned Burke, while the latter presented the young driver as one who had fought and worked nobly in behalf of the hunted lad and his mother.

Then Ned Burke drew Gerald aside and told him of his mother's disappearance, and of Maurice Collier's vigil in the old farmhouse.

"We must get out there at once," said the impetuous Gerald. "As sure as you live, the rascal who kept her prisoner there has seized her again and he's got her hiding in the neighborhood or in the house. You and this brave young man will go at once and get us another coach. Meet me on Broadway as soon as possible, and don't be surprised if I have a young lady with me."

Then Gerald held a hurried consultation with the old stranger, and it was decided that the latter would remain in the neighborhood to watch the movements of Colonel Costello and his associates.

"I'll take Fannie up with me to look for mother," muttered Gerald, as he hastened toward Broadway. "I know mother will like her, and Mr. Collier, whoever he is, will have to forgive us."

Gerald did not have long to wait for the devoted girl, and Ned Burke and the young driver were soon on hand with fresh horses and a close carriage.

On and on, over the plank road the carriage rattled, Ned Burke whistling "Love's Young Dream," and now and then cracking a joke with the driver, at the expense of those inside, who were almost as "happy as happy could be."

"I hope to goodness we'll find mother with Mr. Collier," said Gerald, when they reached the yard.

And great was the disappointment of all when they entered the house to find that neither the faithful watcher nor the woman was there to meet them.

"Search high and low!" cried Gerald to Ned Burke. "And you, driver, make off to the next house to see if the people know anything about them. There's some treachery and mystery in all this."

At that moment Maurice Collier and his mother were lying in the dark cellar below, and neither of them was able to give the slightest signal to those who were so anxiously looking for them, for Tatter Jack Welsh had performed his vile work most effectually.

The young driver returned with some of the people who were frightened away by the report of the small-pox given out by Tatter Jack, and hours were spent in the fruitless search for the missing ones.

At length it was agreed by all that Maurice Collier and Gerald's mother had been either murdered by their enemies or forced away to some secret hiding place in the neighborhood or in New York City.

Gerald was somewhat despondent when evening approached, and it was decided to return to the city in order to watch the conspirators' movements.

Leaving Fannie at a hotel in Jersey City the young man and his friends sought the old sailor and learned from him that neither Tobin nor Colonel Costello had left the house during the day.

"A hang-dog looking rascal went in there this morning,"

added the old sailor, "and the fellow you call Tobin met him at the door. He came out soon after and brought back the man that drove the coach last night. I think they're preparing for a journey, for the same driver took a big trunk there this afternoon on his coach. The black-looking scoundrel is in there now. They're up to something."

"I'll soon find out what it is," said Gerald, "for I'll go right in."

## CHAPTER XV.

### "WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?"

With a smiling face and outstretched hand Colonel Costello met the unsuspecting Gerald in the hallway.

At that moment the servant girl passed them in the hall, and Gerald caught a warning glance from her eye.

And Gerald walked into the dining-room after the servant girl.

"What's wrong, Mary?" he said, in a low voice, as he passed the girl on the way to the refrigerator.

"Here's a clean glass, Mr. Collier," replied the girl as she handed one to Gerald. "Beware of the colonel, for he knows you ran away with his daughter."

The last sentence was uttered in a low voice.

"Many thanks, Mary," said the young man, in a gay voice. "I won't forget you when I'm making my will."

And Gerald slipped a gold piece into the girl's hand as he continued, in a whisper:

"Slip out to the next corner and you'll see an old sailor waiting there. Just tell him for me that he and his friends must follow the travelers if I am not out with them."

Then the young man walked out into the hall and sprang up the stairs, taking two at a bound, though he felt that he was about to face a grave peril.

"He knows I ran off with his daughter," thought Gerald, "but I can laugh him out of that. If he has discovered who I am, then it is a struggle for life in earnest. I'll have it, at any rate, and who knows but I may find mother at once."

And the young man had one hand on the knob of the room door where Oscar was confined, while he was assuring himself with the other that his pistol was ready for instant use.

When he entered the room Oscar was sitting up in the bed and Colonel Costello and Tobin were standing near him.

One hasty glance around the apartment and preparations for a journey, as the large trunk, of which the old sailor made mention, was lying open in the middle of the large room, while two smaller ones were in the corner near the door.

"We have been anxiously looking for you, Mr. Collier," said Colonel Costello, the moment Gerald crossed the threshold. "What have you done with my daughter?"

"Pon my honor, colonel—ahem—you know—you will excuse me—ahem—wouldn't resist, you know. Fannie is such a charming creature—ahem. Intentions strictly honorable—ahem! Fannie begs forgiveness, you know, and all that."

"This is all nonsense!" cried Colonel Costello, as he sprang on Gerald with the revolver. "You cannot humbug us any more. Off with that disguise. Tobin, seize the infernal scoundrel."

"Betrayed!" cried Gerald, as he sprang back in the room and drew his revolver. "Colonel Costello, and you, Tobin, stand back, or your blood will be on my hands! I promised your daughter to-day that I would spare you, sir. Keep back, you hound, or I'll send a ball through your head! Aha! you cowardly dogs, Gerald O'Grady defies you all, still!"

The defiant lad had retreated to the back of the room, placed his back to a closet door and now stood facing his three foes, for Oscar was on the floor, pistol in hand, with the others.

"At him, Tatter!" cried Tobin.

Gerald felt the closet giving way suddenly behind him, and before he could move aside he received a blow on the head that felled him to the floor.

"Down on the villain!" cried the colonel.

And all four of his assailants flung themselves on Gerald, seized his arms, silenced his cries, and dragged him into the closet.

"Off with his coat, wig and false whiskers, and you slip them on with the glasses, Tatter," said Tobin, as they flung Gerald in the closet and closed the door on him. "There's some one knocking at the door, colonel. 'Tis Master Oscar"



here that's touched in the head, you know, and he's kicking up the big rumpus in here."

Tatter Jack put on the disguise, Oscar sprang into the bed and then Colonel Costello opened the door.

"My son is a little deranged, ma'am," he said to the lady of the house, who had been somewhat alarmed at the uproar, "and we were compelled to use a little force to get him to bed. I'm sorry to say, Mrs. Duncan, that we will have to take him away to the asylum at once. Tobin, go order the carriage. Mr. Collier and I will be able to manage Oscar until you come back."

The landlady expressed her regrets, and the servant girl, who was standing behind her, saw Tatter, in Gerald's disguise, bending over the man in the bed and did not dream of treachery.

Tobin hurried away after the carriage, and then the colonel closed and locked the door again.

"Begor," said Tatter Jack, as he looked at himself in the glass, "but I'd make a fine young buck in this rig, so I would."

"Keep your mouth shut and you'll do," returned the colonel. "Now drag the villain out, and into that trunk with him. Oscar, are you able to travel with us to see the hound flayed alive?"

"I don't feel any pain now, father," was the son's reply, as he drew on his coat; "I could travel a hundred miles to gloat over his suffering. I will be able to lay on the lash with a vengeance."

"Ha! ha! Gerald O'Grady," hissed his enemies, as they dragged the helpless lad from the closet, "we have you in our power once more, and we are going to take you to see those you will be proud to meet. Your dearest friends will witness your miserable death, for we will cut you to pieces before the night is over."

"Begor, he's speechless, if he ain't dead, sir!" said Tatter, as he looked at Gerald's pale face.

"So much the better, if he is insensible," returned this relentless enemy. "Into the trunk with him; leave his face up so as he won't stifle, and then stuff the clothes around him so that he cannot use his limbs to make a noise. We'll soon have him where his cries will not be heard by many."

The trunk was packed and locked, when Tobin appeared with the driver, Jake Johnson.

Down the stairs, in the big trunk, Gerald was borne, followed by the colonel and the pretended young dandy, bearing Oscar between them.

"They've made it up nicely," said the servant girl as she saw the party drive away from the door. "Why, Mr. Collier is all in all with the colonel."

"Danged if I know what to make of it all," said Ned Burke to his companions, as they stood under an awning and watched the departure. There's the lad himself going with him of his own free will."

"That's not our lad, you fool!" said the old sailor, who had passed the door while the pretended dandy was assisting Oscar out to the carriage. "I saw the fellow's feet, and he had on common shoes. There's some treachery at work; let's follow that carriage, as the lad ordered. Who knows but the muffled-up chap may be your friend?"

Down Broadway rattled Jake Johnson's cab, and at a short distance behind rolled Gerald's friends.

When Sam Smith reached the Jersey ferry he saw that the other coach was on the boat that was just leaving the slip.

"All the better," said he to Ned Burke. "We know where they're going, and I can catch up with them on the road."

"He's in that big trunk as sure as you live," said the keen old sailor. "Follow them to that old house you speak of, and we'll pounce on them when they least expect it."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MAURICE COLLIER'S STRUGGLES AND AGONY.

When Maurice Collier was flung into the cellar by the treacherous Tatter, he struck head-foremost on the hard ground below, and then it was no shamming with the bold man, for he was insensible when his assailant slipped down to bind and gag him, as well as to secure his wallet.

When Maurice Collier opened his eyes again he was seated on a chair in the front room of the old house. Tatter Jack Welsh was holding a bottle of liquor to his lips, and Colonel Costello and the others were standing around him.

"Another swig, captain agra," said Tatter, with a fiendish smile, "and ye'll be yerself again. Begorra, but I thought we'd never bring ye to, and such fine sport in store for ye."

"You treacherous hound!" muttered Maurice Collier, as he stared around.

"Aisy—aisy, captain," whined Tatter; "sure, that's me thanks for bringing ye back to life, and to see yer friends all around ye."

"Aye!" cried Colonel Costello, "we've got Gerald—the young cur—and his mother, too. Bring her out, Tatter, and let her see what her obstinacy has brought her to."

"Here they are, ma'am," said Tatter, as he led the afflicted woman into the room. "There's your fine son over there again."

"And there's your convict husband!" cried Colonel Costello, as he pointed to Maurice Collier. "Does he not look like a ghost?"

"Gracious heaven!" cried the woman, as she sprang toward the prisoner, "it isn't Eugene? Speak, sir, for heaven's sake; I'll know your voice if you are my own dear husband."

"Drag off this false beard, Mary," replied the man, in a low voice, "and then you'll know me."

"I know you now!" cried the woman as she tore away the false whiskers. "Great heavens, 'tis my own dear brother, Dick Nolan!"

"Dick Nolan!" cried Colonel Costello as he glared at the prisoner's manly, open countenance. "As sure as I live, it is Dick Nolan! Why did you tell me it was Eugene O'Grady, you scoundrel?"

The last sentence was addressed to Tatter Jack, who was also staring at the prisoner.

"'Pon me sowl, but I thought 'twas the captain himself," replied Tatter; "and, sure, what's the odds, for they were all one in Australia, and the mate, here, is as good as the captain any day."

"Drag that woman from him and see that the doors are secured!" cried Colonel Costello. "Dick Nolan, you sought my life, and you helped that young cur to torture my son last night. Now I will not show you or him any mercy. Stop that woman's cries, and tie up the young cur to the bed-post!"

"See here, sir," said Jake Johnston, the driver, "this thing is going too far. I didn't bargain to stand by and see a young fellow flogged to death before his mother. I'm not a regular savage, I ain't, and I won't stand that!"

"Don't be a fool, driver, but let us have our way and you'll be well paid."

"Hanged if I can stand this!" returned the driver as he met the appealing glances cast on him by the afflicted woman. "I'm a rounder, I am, and I can lay out a man, but I can't take a hand in such work as this. Come out with me, missus, and you won't see it."

Mrs. O'Grady's hands were bound and a gag was in her mouth, or she would have uttered blessings on this man's head; while as it was, she could only appeal to him with tears and moans to save her son.

"Go out, Mary," said her brother, "and pray to heaven to send help to your son."

"Let them out, Tobin. Driver, on your life, don't let that woman escape. Now, Oscar, get ready to lay on the villain!"

The driver led the heart-broken woman from the house, and the door was no sooner closed on them than Oscar Costello, lash in hand, advanced on the defiant Gerald.

"Now, you vile dog!" cried the vengeful young villain, "I'll pay you back with interest upon interest. Another sup of that brandy, Tobin, for I must have double strength."

"Faith," said Tatter Jack, "'tis the other chap that wants the Dutch courage now."

"Not I," returned Gerald, as he shot a glance at his young enemy. "The last breath will leave my body before I'll quail before you dogs! Uncle, if I die here, you will live to avenge me!"

"By the heaven that's over us, but I will, Gerald, if my spirit has to come back to haunt them forever! Ha! ha! the coward quails before the brave lad. See—see! he staggers and he's down. Ned Costello, the hand of heaven has struck your son. Gerald, my lad, see him before you."

"He's only fainted, sir!" cried Tobin, as he sprang to lift Oscar, who had fallen to the floor just as he was in the act of raising the lash on his defiant enemy. "More brandy, Tatter. He's coming to, all right now, sir."

"Place him in a chair and I will go on with the lashing,"



cried Colonel Costello, as he seized the heavy lash. "A father's vengeance on you, you young fiend! Now——"

The hand was raised to strike Gerald on the bare back, when a loud voice at the corridor rang out:

"A father's vengeance on you, you hell-hound of the world!"

At the same moment a pistol shot rang out from outside and Colonel Costello uttered a cry of pain as he dropped the lash, yelling:

"We are betrayed, Tobin! I'm shot through the hand. Out with the lights and fight to the death!"

"To the death it is, then!" yelled the voice at the window. "Burst in the door, my brave men!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE THREATS IN THE DARK AND THE STRUGGLE IN LIGHT.

"Hurrah—hurrah!" yelled Gerald, as he heard the thundering at the door, while he endeavored to burst the cords that secured him. "Now, you infernal hounds, we'll see who has the upper hand at last!"

"Silence, Gerald!" was the warning whisper from his uncle as he sprang to the lad's side, dragging the chair to which he was secured with him. "The fight is not over yet, and we are prisoners."

"And you'll be the first to fall!" hissed a fierce voice in reply.

The room was then in darkness, as Tobin had put out the lights at Colonel Costello's command, but the nephew and uncle recognized the voice of their ancient enemy above the thundering at the stout door.

They could also hear Tobin's voice inquiring:

"Wouldn't it be better to slip out the back way, sir, and make off? The devil only knows how many of them is outside."

"Not a step will I fly!" responded the desperate man. "You and Jack Welsh stand by me, and we'll kill them all! Oscar, are you able to stand and fight with us, my son?"

"I am, father," was the faint reply.

"Where can that driver be?" continued the colonel. "Oh, we were fools to let him go!"

"He's guarding the woman outside," returned Tobin, "and you may rely on him on a pinch. Heavens, sir, but they'll soon be in on us!"

"Fire on them as they come in!" was the bold order, "and shoot them down like dogs! My right hand is useless, but I'll guard the window with my left. Hold, outside there, a moment!"

"Will you give up, then?" said a stern voice outside the door.

"Who are you and what do you want?" demanded the colonel.

"We're your bitter enemies, Colonel Costello, and we are friends to the people you hold prisoners!" was the loud response. "Give them up at once or we'll murder every one of you!"

"You'll murder your friends," cried the defiant colonel, "if you don't make off! The moment you burst in that door we'll blow their brains out. Oscar, clap your pistol to the young cur's head. I'll kill this outlawed convict!"

A deep silence followed this threat, and Gerald felt the barrel of the revolver at his forehead, while Oscar seized him by the throat, as he muttered in his ear:

"I'll kill you, Gerald O'Grady, if it was the last shot I ever fired. I'll have your life for my eye and the disgraceful punishment you gave me last night."

"I'm worth two dead men yet, you cur!" yelled Gerald, as he once more endeavored to burst his bonds. "And you'll never be anything but a miserable dog. Burst in the door, Ned Burke. They haven't the heart to shoot us. In with it, my friends, and kill the dogs!"

"Aye, aye!" yelled his uncle. "And take that, you infernal villain!"

As the strong man spoke he raised the chair to which he had been secured and struck Colonel Costello full in the face, felling him to the floor and knocking the pistol from his hand.

The revolver exploded as it struck the floor and Tatter Jack yelled:

"Murderer alive, but I'm hit in the leg! Oh, bad cess to the luck, but I'm airning me——"

A thundering crash at the door, a cry of rage from those outside, and the old sailor and Ned Burke dashed into the room, followed by Sam Smith, the young driver, with a pistol in one hand and the carriage lamp in the other.

"Don't shoot your friends!" yelled the old sailor as he glanced around the room for a moment.

Bang! bang! bang! went three shots, as the desperate conspirators fired on their prisoners as well as their assailants.

Gerald O'Grady could feel a sharp sensation in his ears as Oscar's weapon blazed before him, and then he heard a fierce voice crying:

"He's murdered the lad. Take that, you cowardly whelp! Down with them all, friends!"

Ned Burke felt a ball go whiz by his head before he could comprehend the situation of friends and foes; and then he sprang at Tobin, who was in the act of firing at the old sailor.

"What in the thunder is all this?" yelled a voice at the door as Jake Johnson appeared on the scene and stared at the desperate combatants.

"Thunder and lightning!" he yelled. "This is a regular rough-and-tumble, and I must take a hand in it right off! Sam Smith, you and me have an old crow to pluck, and now's our chance. I'm at you!"

And before the young driver could turn to defend himself, Jake Johnson sprang on him, striking him on the side of the head with his revolver and sending him reeling to the floor.

At that moment piercing cries and screams were heard outside, and two female forms rushed into the room.

"My son! my son!" cried Mrs. O'Grady, as she stared at the scene of violence. "Oh, Gerald—Gerald! have they murdered you?"

"Father—Oscar—Gerald!" cried Fannie Costello, as she wrung her hands in anguish, "are you all dead?"

As the young girl uttered these words she flung herself on the prostrate man, who was lying on the floor, completely exhausted by the struggle with Gerald's uncle, who was lying insensible near him.

Tobin and Ned Burke were pounding away at each other when they heard the cries sent up by the alarmed females, and then they stopped the struggle and stood panting for breath.

Oscar Costello was lying near the bed to which Gerald had been bound, and he was glaring up at friends and enemies, when Fannie rushed to her father's side.

The young driver was somewhat stunned by the sudden blow given him by Jake Johnson, but he was now on his feet again, and it was evident, from the fierce glances cast at his late assailant, that he meditated retaliation.

The old sailor stood for some moments staring at the woman and Gerald, and it was evident that he was fearfully agitated, as he muttered:

"My heavens! can it be possible that we all meet in this way? Poor Mary—my darling wife—how you have changed since I saw you. And my son, too. Great heavens! what a miracle it was that I was led here to save him! They all think me dead. None of them expect me yet. How will it all end?"

And this was the very question that was running in Tobin's mind when he realized the position of affairs at that moment; while Jake Johnson was equally anxious for a settlement, as he said:

"If this row is going to be fought right out here, let us see how we stand."

"There's the villain that knocked yer off yer coach last night!" cried Tobin, as he sprang to the driver's side, while he pointed to Ned Burke. "I'll stand by Colonel Costello and his son to the bitter end against them, and I warn ye all that ye are taking the part of convicted felons."

"There's only one way to stop bloodshed!" cried the old sailor, in a husky voice.

Colonel Costello was now sitting on the floor, his daughter bending over him, and his son and friends around him, for Oscar had moved over to the side of the room where his father was lying.

"What is that, sir?" demanded the colonel as he stared at the old sailor, while he seized the revolver that had fallen from him. "We'll show no mercy to that young dog, while I have a hand left to shoot him down!"

"I defied you before and I defy you now, you villain!" cried Gerald. "Mother, stand aside and let us fight it out."



Fannie, for heaven's sake leave the house a while. Death alone can decide between us. You see, your father is bent on my destruction."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### STANDING AT BAY.

Gerald had secured the weapon which the old sailor had knocked out of Oscar's hand, and he now stood beside his mother, the blood flowing from the wound in his ear, while the old sailor, Ned Burke, and the young driver took their stand beside him.

"Peace, all of you!" cried the old sailor, in the same husky tones, "and listen to me!"

"Fire ahead!" replied Jake Johnson. "Let's all lower our shooters till we hear what the old sailor coon has to say, though I don't see what right he has to interfere."

"Right!" yelled the disguised man as he dragged away his false beard. "The best, the holiest right a man could have. This woman is my dear wife! This brave lad is my only son!"

"Eugene! Eugene!" cried the woman, as she started at the familiar face, and then flung herself into her husband's arms. "Oh, merciful heavens! are you alive, after all?"

"Is it the captain in airnest?" said Tatter Jack as he stared at the old sailor. "Heavens alive, but we're in for bloody work now, and no mistake. The other was bad enough, but he's the devil——"

"If he had all the fiends in the lower regions on his side I'd crush him!" hissed Colonel Costello, as he looked around at his friends, as if to count heads.

"They're five of them ag'in five of us, sir," said Tobin, "and it won't be any child's play."

Fannie Costello, who was standing near her father and regarding Gerald and his parents with intense interest, overheard this plotting.

"Oh, father!" she said in earnest tones, "do give up this cruel work. They will murder you all, for you know that they will not give up to you. Gerald is——"

"Go to him, you hussy!" cried the enraged man as he flung the girl away from him. "I'll kill him before your eyes. Tobin, and all of you, stand by me now, and we'll fight them to the bitter end."

"Costello, you infernal villain!" commenced Gerald's father, "you know that you deserve death at my hands, and here I swear to heaven that you and I will not leave this house to-night without settling accounts; listen to what I propose."

"Rattle it out!" cried Jake Johnson.

"That fiend," continued Gerald's father, "betrayed me in Ireland, and then he robbed my wife and son of my property. He dragged my wife from her home in Ireland and enticed her here to meet me, only to confine her in this house, to compel her to sign a paper in which it was asserted that my son here was never born in wedlock."

"He did that so that he could have my property in Ireland; and he did more. He endeavored to murder my brave son after having him disgraced and branded as a common felon. I have not time to tell you of all his villainy at this time, but you have heard and seen enough to convince you, if you are not as great a scoundrel as those rascals who are his tools, that he does not deserve your aid and that it must be a struggle to the death between us."

"Oh, sir," cried Fannie, "do not say that! Oh, Gerald! Gerald! for my sake——"

"I told you, Gerald," interrupted his uncle, "that this girl would interfere. Young lady, it would be better for you and my sister there to leave the house until this affair is settled."

"I won't leave," persisted Fannie. "Oh, great heavens, what will I do?"

"Leave the house and wait outside, Mary, I command you!" said Eugene O'Grady to his wife. "And you, Miss Costello, will go with her. This is no place for ladies."

There was something so stern and commanding in the man's voice that he was obeyed without a murmur, and his wife took Fannie by the hand and led her forth, though each of them cast appealing glances on those whom they loved.

"Now," said Gerald's father, "I propose that this hound will fight me like a man. Costello, will you stand before me for your life, or must I kill you as I would a dog?"

"And I'll fight Oscar!" cried Gerald. "He shot me in the

ear to-night, and I want another eye for it, at least. Stand out, you cur, and face me!"

"I'll not honor a convicted felon by fighting a duel with him," sneered Colonel Costello; "but I'll shoot him like the robber that he is. Take that!"

"None of that, boss!" cried Jake Johnson, as he struck up the colonel's pistol. "He's offered you the square thing, as far as I can see, and I won't stand to you if you don't take him up. Hold back, there, you fellers, and I'll fix things!"

As the man uttered these words he sprang in front of the two parties and waved them back, just as Gerald and his friends were about to fire on their hated foes.

"Stand aside, there, all of you!" again cried Jake Johnson; "only you, boss, and your man. We don't want no wholesale slaughter here, if we can settle it otherwise. The first man who offers to fire I'll shoot him down! He offers to fight you fair, boss, and if you're not a coward you'll take him up."

"Have at him, sir!" whispered Tobin to his master.

"Stand before me, there, you whelp!" yelled the enraged colonel. "I have only my left hand, but I'll kill you with that. I always hated you, Eugene O'Grady, and I'll crush you now!"

"I'll take no advantage of you, villain that you are!" replied Gerald's father, as he changed his weapon to the left hand. "Now, then, it's the last time we'll ever meet on earth; and know you, before you die, that I am a free man and I can return to my own land and home to-morrow."

As the exile uttered these words he drew a document from his pocket and held it up before his adversary, as he continued:

"As I may fall now, I will tell you all something that will interest you. Don't give the word to fire for a few minutes, my good man."

"When I attempted to escape with you that night, Dick," commenced Gerald's father, "you know that the guard fired on us while we were in the water, and that I was struck and went down."

"I thought I'd never see you again, Eugene," said his brother-in-law.

"I managed to reach the opposite shore, though I was wounded in the shoulder, and I hid there in a cove for a few days until an English man-of-war put into the bay. Before long a boat put out for the shore, and a party of sailors, carrying something in a box, landed near the cove. A dead sailor was in that box, and they were on shore for the purpose of burying their shipmate."

"That night I dug up the box, stripped the corpse of its clothes, and put on it your convict suit, leaving the body on the beach."

"With the sailor's clothes on I walked to the next settlement, told the people that I was a deserter, and claimed assistance. Unfortunately—or rather fortunately, as it turned out—a party of sailors from another vessel came to the settlement that night in search of fresh provisions, and they bore me away with them."

"As they were short-handed on board, I was allowed to work as a hand, and I was not punished as a deserter. On board that man-of-war was an old schoolmate of mine, serving as an officer, and he recognized me at once, though he did not betray me. I was on board of that vessel for more than a year, and we cruised all over the world until we came to New York."

"While out in the Chinese waters the ship's boat attacked some pirates on shore and they were badly beaten in the first attempt. The captain then led the second attack, and I was in the boat with him. The pirates fought like devils, driving us back to the boat and killing more than half of us. Just as we were retreating to the shore the captain, who was the last to turn, was shot down. I turned to see if he was all safe, when I saw half a dozen of the scoundrels trying to kill him."

"Well, all that I will now say is that I managed to beat off the pirates and get the wounded captain safe back to the boat. The brave man recovered, returned to the place in a month and destroyed the pirates. He thanked me warmly for saving him; I was placed in a better position on board the ship and treated very kindly by all."

"All this time I was not aware that my old schoolmate had recognized me, and when we reached New York I made up my mind to desert the ship, make my way in disguise back to Ireland and punish, at all hazards, the scoundrel there, who, I had learned, was persecuting my wife and son."

"The first night I landed in New York I fell in with some



scoundrels who robbed me of all I had, leaving me nothing but the old suit you now see on me. But for all that I was determined to go back to Ireland, until I met my son here and saw Costello at the same time."

The old sailor turned to Gerald as he continued: "When I left you this evening I was going along the street, looking for some place to get something to eat, when who should clap me on the shoulder but my old schoolmate, the officer who had recognized me on board the vessel. Here's what he gave me, and this is what he told me:

"After the captain recovered my friend—for he is a good friend—told him all about me, for he knew my history well, as he knows of your villainy, Costello. The captain became more than interested in me, and he used all the influence he could command to have the government grant me a full pardon. There it is, Gerald, my son. He is striving to effect your pardon also, for he knows that you were persecuted by the villain and his son!"

As the exile uttered the last words he flung the document to Gerald and then turned to Jake Johnson, saying:

"Now, sir, you can stand aside and give the word. Colonel Costello, ask heaven to pardon you, for I will kill you!"

"Hold, there!" cried a stern voice at the door.

And the next moment two men in the British naval uniform sprang into the room, followed by half a dozen policemen and some countrymen.

"Who is Colonel Costello?" demanded Captain Travers as he looked around.

"That's my name, sir," replied the baffled man.

"Arrest him, officers!" cried the captain as he turned to the policemen, "and all those who are with him."

"With what am I charged?" inquired Colonel Costello, as the officers seized him.

"Abduction, conspiracy and attempted murder," replied the officer. "Here's my warrant for you, and these fellows here with you. Aha! you villain, you can't play the small-pox game around here again."

"And I'll not stand this disgrace," said Colonel Costello, as he placed his revolver to his head and fired, even while the officers were holding him.

The weapon did not fail him, as the ball entered his brain and he fell on the ground a corpse.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Oscar Costello, as he flung himself on his father's body, "did I ever dream it would come to this. I'll go mad! Father—father! what will I do without you?"

Oscar Costello did lose his reason that night, and he spent the remainder of his days in a lunatic asylum.

Tobin and Tatter Jack were arrested, tried and convicted of the crimes charged against them, and they were sentenced to ten years in the Jersey State Prison.

Jake Johnson was also arrested as their accomplice, but he managed to break jail and make off to California.

When Gerald O'Grady sought Fannie Costello that night he learned from the devoted girl that she was instrumental in saving his father from killing his enemy.

Fannie saw (from the window of the hotel in Jersey City, where Gerald had placed her) the carriage drive past containing her father and the others, and she felt that they were driving to the old house.

Hastening downstairs, she called a police officer and appealed to him to aid her in preventing the perpetration of a crime.

It happened that the two British officers heard the appeal, for they were guests at the hotel and they suspected at once that Fannie's father was the man who had wronged the brave sailor in whom they were so much interested.

Hastening to the authorities, the officers took measures to arrest the conspirators; and, in the meantime, the anxious Fannie hired a conveyance to take her to the scene of the outrage.

Of course, the devoted girl was terribly affected by her father's death, as well as by the knowledge that her brother was a madman.

Gerald spent some months in consoling her, and then he made her his wife, with the consent of his father and mother, as well as that of the stern uncle.

Neither Gerald nor any of his people ever returned to Ireland.

His father disposed of his property in that country and bought an estate in Westchester.

Next week's issue will contain "THROUGH THICK AND THIN; OR, OUR BOYS ABROAD."

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# HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

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## 2,000 MEN WANTED FOR NAVAL RESERVE.

The Naval Reserve Force of the Second Naval District at Newport, R. I., is once more open—this time for 2,000 recruits.

This announcement will mean much to hundreds of young men whom circumstances or hesitation have hitherto prevented from signing up for military duty.

The Naval Reserve has rightly been one of the most popular branches in the war. The officers' trainings camps, aviation, and the Reserve have proved to be the three most promptly filled services.

The advantage of the first was the opportunity for a commission, of the second the chance for daring and individual work, and of the Reserve a combination of practically the best features of both.

Many men in the Reserve, who have shown themselves to be possessed of the necessary qualifications for officership, have studied for the regular examinations, passed, and received commissions as ensigns and warrant officers.

Perhaps the greatest allurements that the Reserve Force has for young men lies in the fact of its varied kinds of service.

A radio school in the district is ready to prepare men for positions as wireless telegraphers in our navy.

Other men have successfully applied for a transfer to the Naval Reserve Flying Corps.

Every week examinations are held for those who desire to improve their ratings. These ratings cover practically every field, and a man with any boat, shop, mechanical, carpenter, or nautical experience can, in all likelihood, qualify.

Applicants are accepted only for general service, and if they enlist and remain in the seaman branches they are likely to have an opportunity to see service in one of the 100-footers, those small, fast boats that are doing scout duty in both these and foreign waters, on transports, or the convoy vessels of our navy.

The central enrolling office is located in the War College in Newport, R. I. Letters of inquiry in regard to the Naval Reserve should be addressed to the Enrolling Officer, War College, Newport, R. I., and the same will be promptly answered and the information forwarded.

Applications for service in the Second District may be made also at the Reserve Enrolling Officer, Building 13, Brooklyn Navy Yard, and the Navy Re-

cruiting Stations in Newark, N. J.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Minneapolis, Minn., and in St. Louis, Mo., and further information regarding the service may be had from any regular Navy Recruiting Station.

To Newport, men have come from many States. The high reputation of the district, the large number of college men enlisted in it, the wide diversity of opportunity offered, the zest and attractiveness of small-boat service have combined to make the station a powerful magnet.

It is expected that the 2,000 men required will seize this chance in a very short time. Unless men hurry to enroll now, they will doubtless find that once more the doors of one of Uncle Sam's most appealing services have been irrevocably closed.

### EXAMINATIONS ARE HELD.

Competitive examinations have already been held in this district, and more than 100 of the men who passed with the highest marks have received commissions as ensigns, some going to the fleet, while others have been ordered to the submarine chasers. Additional examinations will be held shortly, and all who are recommended by their commanding officer are eligible to take the tests, which, if successfully passed, will entitle them to a commission as ensign or to attend Annapolis or the school of the Second District.

In addition to the examinations given the men who apply for commissions, other examinations are being held every week, so that men who wish to improve their ratings may have an opportunity to show what they have learned since they have been on active duty.

A great number of men from this district have also been transferred to the Naval Reserve Flying Corps. If these men make good at the ground school, and successfully pass their pilot's examination, they are assured a commission as flight ensign in the Flying Corps.

The age limit in the Naval Reserve is from 18 to 57. Men are needed at once, and those who enroll will be given immediate active service. Further information can be obtained from the Enrolling Officer, War College, Newport, R. I. The best opportunities will necessarily be obtained by those first applying.

Applicants for enrollment within the draft age should obtain a letter stating that they have not been physically examined or selected as yet for the National Army and are free to enroll in the Reserve.



# HUSTLING JOE BROWN

—OR—

## THE BOY WHO KEPT THE TOWN CLOCK

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE MIDNIGHT MEETING WITH THE LEATHER MAN.

The leather man's letter to Joe read as follows:

"You stand in the greatest danger. What you accomplished in New York I don't know, but it was enough to turn the enemy against you, and your death has been ordered. To-night the intention is to burn your shop and you with it. This by the same hands which fired the works. Take this advice if you are wise. Leave your back door open and your light burning and come at midnight to the old Ramsdell place on Cherry Creek.

"This will save your life, and it may save your shop, which, on the other hand, may be burned out of sheer viciousness.

"For you to take means to prevent this will be pretty sure to interfere with your plans. You must decide for yourself whether or not it will pay to chance the loss. Personally, it seems to me that if you met with success in New York the loss will be made good to you, and better be sustained.

"Forewarned is forearmed. More will be told you later. Meanwhile, if you are wise, you will heed the words of your friend,

"THE LEATHER MAN."

Joe read this letter aloud.

"You will go?" demanded Elsie.

"I certainly shall. Do you imagine he intends to meet me there?"

"How can I tell, Joe? My father for years has been here, there and everywhere. He knows every inch of the country for miles around. My idea would be that he probably intends to meet you, but I am sure I don't know."

"I shall go."

"I shall have to think. I can't say I am stuck on the idea of having everything I own in the world go up in smoke."

"Naturally not. I don't ask who these incendiaries can be nor their motive. I suppose that is all a part of your secret."

"That's what it is, Elsie. I would tell you if I could, but it would not be right. But now you must go. I will go with you as far as the end of the alley and follow you at a distance to your door."

"If you would, Joe. I am really afraid, there have been so many drunken men on the streets at night since the works closed down."

"They won't have any money to get drunk with long if something is not done to start things moving," replied Joe. "But we shall see. There is sure to be a change in this town soon."

They left the shop, and Elsie hurried out of the alley.

Joe, who looked out an instant later, could not see that anyone was particularly observing her.

He trailed behind the girl until he saw her disappear within her own door, as arranged, and then made a beeline for Tom's house and entered his room by way of the shed and the window, as he had done in the old days of Jack.

Arousing Tom, he explained the situation in part.

He had received a warning—no matter who from—the firebugs meant to burn the shop that night. He was called away again. There was no telling when he might return. Would Tom watch the shop from the opposite side of Main street? Perhaps by raising an alarm he might be able to put the fire out, but in no case was he to try to bring about the arrest of the firebugs, but he was to be particular to get a good look at them if he could so that he might know them again.

And it is only due to Tom to say, that in spite of the half confidence to which he had been treated, he entered heartily into the scheme.

The old Ramsdell place was a deserted farm-house standing in a deep valley directly under the easterly side of old Bald Face, about two miles out of town.

The spot was about as lonely a one as could have been found anywhere around. Probably old Isaiah Ramsdell thought so, for, after the departure of his grown children and the death of his wife, he killed himself in the old house, which had borne the reputation of being haunted ever since.

So Tom got up and dressed, and the boys went back to the shop, where they remained until a quarter of twelve without having any alarm.

Joe then jumped on his wheel and rode away, leaving his back door open and the lamp burning, as directed by the leather man.

He left Tom lurking in an alley across the way, on the opposite side of Main street.

"If I win out in this deal, and do come in for my promoter's fees, Tom shall have something," thought Joe, as he rode along. "Blest if I think I would allow myself to be kept in the dark and still stick to him the way he has done to me."

As Joe drew near the entrance to the wood road which led in along the base of Old Bald Face, he dismounted and hid his wheel among the bushes.

The way was much overgrown with bushes, so much so that in some places he had to push them aside in order to get through.

"Great Scott! But this isn't the liveliest place in the world," muttered the boy, as he advanced. "I wouldn't live out here if I could get the house for nothing. I believe I could come pretty near doing that as it is."

(To be continued.)



# CURRENT NEWS

## THIEVES OUTWIT FARMER

J. C. West is the owner of a large chicken and turkey farm near Franklin, N. J.

Recently more than twenty of his fowls were stolen, so he made up his mind to catch the thief.

He built a small shed near one of the turkey runs, hid in it, having with him a shotgun. He remained there until after 3 o'clock in the morning, and when no one showed up he went into the house.

He found thieves had ransacked it, taking \$275 in cash and a large quantity of silverware.

## WOMAN ON MAN'S JOB.

War has resulted in a woman filling a new berth in Pueblo, Colo., and the old maxim has been revised to "The hand that rocks the cradle drives the hearse."

Mrs. J. T. Brown is the new chauffeuse of the hearse of a prominent undertaking concern. She says "leading a cortege containing weeping relatives of the deceased was very depressing at first, but now I just watch the road and never think about the sad occasion of the trip."

The hearse was formerly driven by a man who enlisted in Uncle Sam's army.

## HERE'S THE JEWELRY THAT MUST PAY TAX

Distinction is made between watches for use only as timekeepers and those for personal adornment in a ruling by Internal Revenue Commissioner Roper defining jewelry as taxable at 3 per cent on manufacturers' sales, under the Revenue Act.

Watches in metal bracelets and all those bearing jewelled ornamentation are classed as personal adornments and are subject to tax. Included in the commissioner's list of taxable jewelry are vanity, stamp and match boxes, cigar and cigarette cases, lorgnettes and vinaigrettes and holders for eye-brow pencils.

The same distinction is made for garters and suspenders intended for utility or adornment.

## HAZERS MUST GIVE SKIN TO SAVE INJURED STUDENT

If "Stub" Hartwell, captain, and Charles Mabbitt, star halfback of the Cornell College football team, will suffer the removal of fifty inches of skin from their backs to replace that lost by George T. Renner, Jr., of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Cornell freshman, whom they hazed recently, they may escape prosecution for their act.

The men were arrested and are to be tried. Friends of Renner say he does not wish to prosecute them, but they insist they must give of their skin to insure Renner's recovery. Renner's condition is

regarded as serious, and it is said only skin grafting will save his life.

The boy was hazed the other day, and it is said a brush was used to scrape the flesh from his body.

There are no members of the boy's family physically able to sacrifice their skin. Mabbitt is one of the best known football stars in Iowa.

## FAMOUS SALT MINES

The most famous salt mines in the world are at Wieliczka in Galicia, whose worked-out rooms are the mecca for thousands of tourists each month in times of peace. In this mine, there is a chapel 200 feet below the surface, and the religious statues on either side of the altar as well as the prisms of the chandelier are of pure salt. There are also assembly halls, underground brine lakes and important railway stations and terminals. The various grottoes are named after princes or rulers popular at the time the chamber was being worked, while succeeding generations of miners and their families have elaborated and decorated the old workings. Operations at Wieliczka, however, are crude in comparison to those of American mines.

The oldest salt mine in the United States is the one on Avery's island, Louisiana, where brine springs were first discovered in 1719. Rock salt was found there in 1862. It is estimated that the deposit consists of over two billion tons of salt. Total shipments to date are under two million tons.

## CROSSES UNITED STATES IN A MAXWELL SEDAN

Cross-country trips have been made in all sorts of cars, but this is a new one—a trip made in a type of car supposed to be used only for travel about town and to the theatre, etc.

F. W. Cooper, a retired real estate dealer of Revere, Mass., with his wife and A. L. Hall of Winthrop, Mass., traveled across the United States in a Maxwell sedan. The party left Boston June 26 and made the trip in leisurely fashion at low cost and without any car trouble.

The sedan was used as a base camp, and whenever a stop was made the car was the travelers' home. A complete camping outfit was carried, and the members of the party made the trip in comfort.

The car burned 315 gallons of gasoline, which cost \$87, and used two sets of tires, which cost \$215.24. The cost of storing the car and repairs amounted to \$30.56. The highest price paid for gasoline was in Nevada, where fuel was purchased for 40 cents a gallon.

The Coopers made the trip by way of New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and then to Denver and Ogden, then to Salt Lake City and Reno. They drove by Emerald Bay and to San Francisco.



# NEWS OF THE DAY

## SOLDIERS TO PICK CRANBERRIES

To relieve a serious shortage of pickers in the cranberry fields of Ilwaco County, Wash., soldiers are being granted four-day furloughs in parties of four from a company, to pick berries. The men will draw their regular army pay and in addition receive the wages of cranberry pickers. Waste of a large portion of the crop had been threatened for lack of sufficient pickers.

## MONEY ORDER COUNTERFEIT

Warning was given by the Post Office Department to-day of attempts to circulate counterfeit or forged Cuban money orders in the United States, especially among banks and large business houses. Business men were advised that if they receive for credit money orders purporting to be issued at Havana, bearing serial numbers greater than 550,000, to notify their postmaster or post office inspector, particularly when the request for credit comes from an unknown party.

## PREFERS ARMY TO FORTUNE

A student officer in the Third Regiment, Fort Sheridan, Ill., has refused a legacy of \$30,000, the acceptance of which would necessitate leaving the training camp. Two weeks ago he received word his uncle in Colorado had died and left him his business property valued at \$30,000, with the proviso that he should continue the business. The young man was undecided until word came that American troops were in the trenches in France. Then he turned down the legacy.

## WOLFRAMITE IN BRAZIL

According to an article in a Brazilian journal it appears that the best known deposits of tungsten in the shape of wolframite mineral are found on the Paraopeba River in the State of Minas Geraes, and also in the states of Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Ceara, Rio Grande do Norte, and Parahyba. It is stated that a sample of metal sent to Rio Janeiro from Rio Grande de Norte, and taken from the Serra Branca region, was so pure as to exceed the Portuguese wolframite in quality. It appears, however, that no analysis has yet been made to determine its industrial value.

## RAILROADS NOW MOVING RECORD POTATO CROP

Fairfax Harrison, chairman of the railroads' war board, authorizes the following:

The railroads are now moving what promises to be the biggest potato crop in the history of the country.

This crop, which it is estimated will total approximately 453,000,000,000 bushels, or half again as much as last year, has been on the way since the middle of September. The movement of it will continue until about April 1 next year.

Reports received by the commission on car service indicate that even with intensive loading more than 750,000 cars will be needed to handle the potato crop.

## MAKING INDIGO

Advices from Midland, Mich., tell us of the first production of indigo from coal tar in the United States, says Ellwood Hendrick in the Popular Science Monthly for November. One thousand pounds of 20 per cent paste are produced daily despite the fact that in the last tariff bill the duty on dyestuffs was removed from indigo. The annual consumption of indigo in normal times is in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 pounds. By 1912 the German makers of the coal tar indigo, which is chemically the same as the product of the tropical indigo plants, had driven the natural product from the world's markets. The artificial is considered better and more reliable than the natural dye.

## LITTLE CANARY BIRD'S SONG DREW FIRE OF ARTILLERY

The Red Cross authorizes the following:

How one little canary bird caused consternation among an entire division of British troops and brought down upon its own head a hurricane of rifle fire and finally point-blank shell fire is told by Dr. Robert Davis, recently arrived in the United States to lecture at the officers' training camps on the activities of the Red Cross in Europe.

For more than a month on a northern sector of the line the British had been secretly mining beneath the German trenches. The work was almost complete. During the operations several canary birds were, as usual, kept in the excavations to warn the workers of the presence of fire damp, which is fatal to the birds. One little songster, however, escaped and, alighting on a bush, began to sing.

Consternation reigned in the British lines. If the bird should be discovered by the Germans the work of weeks would go for naught, as the enemy could easily interpret the meaning of its presence and prepare to combat the sapping operations. The infantry was immediately ordered to open fire on the canary to destroy it. But it seemed to bear a charmed life. Even the sharpshooters failed to bring it down as it hopped from twig to twig. Finally the artillery had to be called on. A trench gun with a well-timed shell blew the bird and the bush and the song into nothingness.



# OUT FOR MONEY

—OR—

## A POOR BOY'S CHANCE IN A BIG CITY

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER XIX (Continued).

"I wasn't looking for that, sir," said Phil earnestly, "I was only trying to do what was right for the little one."

"Do you think that this man Maynard might tell you anything if he were paid for it?"

"He might, but I don't think it is necessary to pay him. We don't know if he has the proofs. I am pretty well satisfied that I am Captain Huntley's son, but unless Hiram can show that he has the proofs I wouldn't bother with him."

"I could see Waterbury," said the old gentleman. "He may know something about this missing boy. Of course, his being found will affect him, but then he is a fair-minded man, and would not let considerations of that sort influence him."

"Just as you like, sir," said Phil, and then the matter was dropped.

No one claimed the body of the poor old woman; she was buried at the city's expense and was soon forgotten.

Whether she had possessed any proofs as to the identity either of Phil or of Bess was a matter of conjecture, and the boy did not let the matter trouble him.

Phil had not seen Hiram in some time, and meanwhile was busy at the bank, when in the spring a check was presented for payment one day which the cashier regarded as suspicious.

He knew the signature of the maker, and saw almost at a glance that there was something wrong with it.

"Where did you get this check?" he asked.

"From one of my customers."

"Not from the maker of it?"

"No. It was given me by one of my customers who had it from some one else."

"Is his endorsement on the back?"

"The man I got it from? No. The other endorsement was good enough, I thought."

"Who gave it to you? The signature of the drawer seems irregular. You won't mind our making an investigation?"

"No, but I gave him the money, and I don't want to lose it."

"I am afraid you will, if it is a forgery. Will you wait a moment?"

"Certainly."

The teller called Phil and said:

"Take this check, Philip, call up Brown & Greene on the 'phone, and asked them if they drew it."

Phil went to the telephone closet, and returned in a few minutes, saying:

"They say they drew no such check on that date. The last check they drew for Mr. Montague was two weeks previous."

"Well," said the man angrily, "Mr. Harold Waterbury will have to make good or go to jail," and taking the check he walked out of the bank.

Phil said nothing, but during the day other checks came into the bank or were returned to it, and in every case there was something wrong.

Some of them were clear forgeries, and some had been raised, and in every case Harold Waterbury had profited.

The next day other forgeries were discovered, all the work of Harold Waterbury, who seemed to have been doing a wholesale business in that line, and, having realized largely from his nefarious work, had fled, no one knew where.

The amounts of the checks varied from fifteen or twenty dollars up to three or four hundred, the total being five or six thousand dollars.

"That's a pretty low sum for a man to sell himself at," mused Phil, "and even if he made more it can't be such a lot. Certainly it isn't enough for a man to sell himself for."

The police were put on the young man's track, but he had evidently prepared for just such a proceeding, and no traces of him were found.

Whether he had gone to Europe, fled to Canada, or taken a train to the West could not be determined.

Certain it was, however, that he could not be found, and up to this time his whereabouts are not known.

Before he is dismissed entirely from the story it will be as well to repeat a conversation that took place between Phil and the bank president a day or so after Harold's disappearance.

Mr. Wilson called the boy into his office and said:

"Well, Philip, it seems that you are not young Waterbury's cousin after all."

"I did not suppose it had been settled that I was, sir," returned the boy.

"Well, you can't be now, anyhow, because he is not Waterbury's son."

Phil said nothing, and the other went on:

"Yes, I saw Waterbury the other night. I always did like him, but never cared for the young man. Too uppish, all pretense, had a sneaky look about him, too. Not the sort of fellow to be your cousin."

"Well, I couldn't have helped it if he had beep."

"No, of course not; but he isn't. Waterbury is only his stepfather. His wife had a son by a first husband. The boy took Waterbury's name, that's all. Probably for financial reasons. He won't get any of that fortune now."

"No, I suppose not."

"By the way, I asked Waterbury about the captain, whether he remembered the man, how he looked, and so forth."

Phil remained silent.

(To be continued.)



# THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## "DOPE," HE SAYS, MADE HIM STEAL 14,000 FRANCS

Stories of "doped" cigarettes are heard often but are encountered rarely outside the "shilling shockers." However, at the trial of Elias Wernstein, in London, convicted of stealing fourteen thousand franc notes from Hyman Jacobsen, a letter was produced in which Wernstein said that after smoking a part of a cigarette he found his head "going funny."

The Court said the story sounded more like fiction than fact, but nevertheless he gave the accused a sentence of fifteen months at hard labor for acts he claims to have committed while unconscious.

## JAPAN GETS BIG STEEL SUPPLY HERE

Japan's imports of iron and steel from the United States in September, 1917, touched a new high record. In that month \$13,000,000 worth of iron and steel bars, plates and sheets was imported, compared with less than \$10,000,000 in the previous month. This is the first time that iron and steel imports have exceeded cotton in the imports into Japan from the United States.

In the first eight months of the current year imports of cotton by Japan from the United States aggregated \$30,615,000, or 30 per cent of the total imported from this country, while the value of iron and steel bars, plates and sheets amounted to \$36,876,000, or 36 per cent.

## SNAKE OF RARE BEAUTY

While returning home with an auto party recently, when near Bronson, Kentucky, Will Bradley discovered a large copperhead snake crossing the road in front of his machine.

Steering the machine accordingly, he ran over the snake, which somewhat impeded its progress. He then alighted and killed the snake, which proved to be one of the prettiest specimens of the copperhead family ever seen in this part of the State.

Being a female, its head was as bright as burnished copper, while the underneath portion of its body was almost equally bright. Its back and sides were covered with the most beautiful spots, and its fangs, with which it delivered its bite, were extraordinarily long.

## COAL MINER EARNS \$348 IN ONE MONTH

Lawrence B. Finzel, a Hooversville, Pa., miner, just before the recent wage increase became effective, earned \$348 in one month mining coal. With a 100 per cent car supply he could earn even more. Should he maintain this rate for twelve months his annual pay would amount to \$4,176, and with the

increase in wages allowed November 1 it is believed he could make \$5,000.

Finzel, forty-five years old, is employed by the Custer & Sneer Coal Company. He is a man of medium height and weight, but is pointed out as "the little big digger."

Near Clarksburg, W. Va., two miners jointly earned \$51 in one day.

## DOCUMENT STAMPS.

The following instruments and documents must have stamps affixed after December 1: Bonds of indebtedness, indemnity and surety bonds, capital stock issue, capital stock sales or transfers, sales of produce on exchange, drafts or checks payable otherwise than on sight or demand, promissory notes, except bank notes issued for circulation, and for each renewal of same; all conveyances, entry of goods or wares of merchandise at any custom house for consumption or warehousing; entry for the withdrawal of such goods, passage ticket on a steamship to any port not in the United States, Canada or Mexico; proxy for voting at any election of officers except religious, educational, charitable, fraternal, literary societies or for cemeteries; power of attorney granting authority to act for grantor, playing cards.

The tax on the parcel post, which will affect most persons, is 1 cent for each 25 cents or fractional part thereof. Thus, the tax on a parcel costing 83 cents to mail would be 4 cents.

## NOT A CAT PRODUCT.

Where's the cat farm from which we get our supply of catgut? The answer is, There isn't any cat farm. Cats' intestines can't be utilized. If not cats, then what furnishes the raw materials for musical instruments and tennis strings? The answer is, Sheep. Every part of the animal is utilized, even the soft and mellow tones of his bleating voice, which are preserved in the intestines that string the tuneful violin.

As soon the sheep intestines are graded, says Popular Science Monthly, they are divided into narrows about eight yards in length. These are sent to the string factory, where they are thoroughly cleansed and chemically treated. It takes from twenty to twenty-four sheep to produce the strings for one tennis racket. A single violin string monopolizes the entrails of a whole sheep, however big.

After the gut is split by running it over a safety razor blade, the strands go through another machine which removes impurities. Following this they are repeatedly run through wringers on washtubs. From four to fifteen of these strands are used for one music string, being spun into strings, twisted, and polished off with emery-paper.



## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

### THE FRENCH WEST AFRICAN "DA."

The Journal Official of French West Africa states that at the request of the general government, an official study of the uses of "da" fibre, grown in this African region, has been made. It appears that although this fibre is not suitable to replace jute in the manufacture of tissues, it is well adapted for rope making. The general government calls the attention of the colonial officials and merchants to the advantages offered by the cultivation of the "da," for there is a considerable future for this material.

### FRENCH WRECK 517 ENEMY AIRPLANES.

The brilliant record of the French aviators, including members of the Lafayette Escadrille, for the ten months ended in October, shows that they destroyed 120 German airplanes over the French lines and 397 over the German lines, whose destruction has been fully confirmed.

There also were 513 others over the German lines which probably were destroyed, but confirmation of the fact was not obtainable. This makes a grand total of 1,030. Twenty-two German captive balloons also were destroyed.

### ADD 20,000 EMPLOYEES.

Twenty thousand employees have been added to the government departments in Washington since the declaration of war, the Civil Service Commission announces. The commission estimates that the population of the capital has increased 40,000.

The War Department has added 5,200 employees to its Washington offices and the Navy Department about 2,500, including 800 women who enlisted as yeoman and who are doing clerical work. In order to provide living accommodations for the added employees, the government has rented many new buildings, including apartment houses.

Including the new employees in Washington, the Civil Service Commission has certified for appointment since April nearly 125,000 persons in the field and departmental service.

### BRITISH DECIMAL COINAGE

The full report of the British Institute of Bankers on the adoption of a decimal coinage and the metric system of weights and measures has been made public. The committee that prepared the report believes that the adoption of the metric system will be of great advantage, especially in the extension of foreign trade. As a prelude to the adoption of that system it believes that a decimal system of coinage should be adopted, and therefore recommends such a system.

For many reasons, among which is its general

acceptance as a standard in foreign as well as domestic trading, the pound sterling must be retained as the unit, and the system recommended by the committee is based upon the pound sterling. A standard unit of so high a value as the pound involves the division into 1,000 instead of 100 parts. The present pound contains 240 pence, or 960 farthings, so that the smallest division—one-thousandth—would be very nearly the value of a farthing. This division the committee would call a "mil." The coinage proposed is as follows: Gold, pound or sovereign and half-sovereign. Silver, double florin, 200 mils; florin, 100 miles; half-florin, 50 mils; quarter-florin, 25 miles. The half-florin would correspond very nearly to the present shilling. Nickel, 10-mil piece; copper, 4 mil, 2 mil and 1 mil pieces. A 4 mil instead of a 5 mil piece is recommended because its value would be almost exactly the same as that of the present penny, which is a general standard in small transactions. The difference in value would be only 4 per cent, which would not be noticeable in these small coins.

### AMERICAN DESERTER SENTENCED TO DEATH.

While the death penalty has been imposed on an enlisted man of the American army, who is of German birth, on his conviction of desertion, it was indicated recently at the War Department that the findings of the court-martial would be overruled and sentence commuted to a long term of imprisonment.

The soldier was stationed at Panama, and there appears to be little doubt that after his desertion he endeavored to make his way to Germany, presumably for military service there. He was charged after his apprehension, however, only with desertion, and the question of his intention to join the enemy forces was not developed at his trial.

It has not been the custom in any army, even in time of war, to impose the death penalty for desertion unless the act was in the face of the enemy or unless there was evidence to show that the purpose of the offender was more than merely an attempt to evade military service. The view of the court-martial which tried the soldier in question evidently was that there was intent to join the enemy, but as that was not made clear in the trial proceedings, the commanding officer of the Panama garrison recommended the court be overruled, and that a term of imprisonment be substituted.

While there is reason to believe that officials at Washington concur in the views of the commander at Panama, it is plainly evident at the War Department that there is no inclination to show mercy to men who desert in the face of the enemy or to enemy aliens found in the ranks as spies.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1917.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher,  
166 West 23d St., New York

## Good Current News Articles

Donated and autographed by Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, a \$100 bill was auctioned off for \$5,000 at a meeting here to-day, at which nearly \$30,000 of Pittsburgh's quota of \$100,000 to war camp community service was pledged. The bill was bought by a woman who requested that her name be not made public.

All meals served in restaurants, hotels, etc., in Great Britain have been put on allowance. The daily allowance for a person amounts to eight ounces of bread, two ounces of flour and ten ounces of meat. The food controller has, in addition, requested that the population should voluntarily undertake not to consume more than nine ounces of bread, seven ounces of flour and six ounces of meat a day.

Matthews Vaitiekounos, a Lithuanian carpenter, who was seized in a ship yard in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 3, as he was about to go aboard a government transport carrying a powerful bomb in his pocket, was arraigned before Judge Howe in the United States Court in Brooklyn on November 5. Melville J. France, United States Attorney, asked that bail be fixed at \$2,500 but Judge Howe committed Vaitiekounos without fixing bail. Victor E. Gartz appeared as attorney for the accused man, and entered a plea of not guilty.

The shifting sands of Astrakhan and the measures taken by the Russian Government to deal with this problem form the subject of a memoir by J. G. Firstov, published last year in Petrograd. Ten million acres of the province in question are covered with shifting sands formed during the nineteenth century and subsequently. These sands have been spreading at the rate of 100,000 acres per annum, the result being the transformation of good pasture land into a barren waste. The principal cause is over-grazing; flocks and herds are kept so long in

one place as to result in the complete destruction of the turf. Poor agricultural methods are also partly responsible. About the beginning of the present century the government undertook measures of control and reclamation, and between 1904 and 1909 an area of about 46,000 acres was brought under cultivation. In 1913 a special service was organized to deal with the question. The province was put under the charge of a chief forestry officer and divided into six districts, in each of which a subordinate official was appointed to superintend the work. At the time of writing good progress has been made in planting soil-binders and growing herbaceous crops, but it was still problematical whether the province was adapted to the establishment of forests.

## Grins and Chuckles

Friend—Did you ever have an acceptance from an editor? Youthful Writer—Yes, one; an editor accepted my apology for sending him a poem.

"You call yourself an actor. I'd have you know that I wear the mantle of Booth." "I may not wear the mantle of Booth," retorted the other, "but I gotta fur overcoat. Yah."

"Bridget, you have broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can you prevent this occurrence again?" "Oi don't know, mum," said Bridget, "unless ye raise me wages."

"I can't spare the money, but I'll gladly loan it to you if you'll promise not to keep it too long." "I solemnly swear that I'll spend every penny of it before to-morrow morning!"

Rowneder—My dear, it was, of course, business that detained me till midnight. Mrs. Rowneder—Yes. Rowneder—You know I wouldn't deceive you. Mrs. Rowneder—No, Charlie, you wouldn't deceive me, no matter what you said.

Mrs. Simpson had taken her little daughter out to tea with her, and during the meal was horrified to see the child trying to force a thick piece of bread into a very small pocket. "Why, Marion," she said in shocked surprise, "what on earth are you doing?" "That's all right, mother," her small daughter assured her. "I'm just taking this slice back to nursie for a pattern."

Conjurer—My assistant will now guess without assistance how many hairs any gentleman present has on his head. Shock-headed Member of the Audience—How many are there on mine? Assistant—Two million four hundred and fifty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-four. Conjurer—The gentleman may count his hairs if he likes, when he will see the number is exact.



# ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

## TALL FOR A SOLDIER

Because he said his son, who is 6 feet 7 inches, was "just naturally too tall" for a soldier, but just the right height to pick cotton and their corn, W. E. Hale of Marion County, Ark., recently appealed to Lloyd England, State Provost Marshal, to discharge his son, W. P. Hale. General England declined to act.

## GREAT FEAT BY TEN EYCK

Word has been received from Syracuse that Coach James Ten Eyck of the Syracuse crews completed a pleasure jaunt of 150 miles in a rowboat recently, which took him from New York to Albany. The veteran rowing mentor left this city entirely unheralded, and took his time in making the trip. Apparently, he regarded the journey as no feat whatever, although Ten Eyck is already well past the three-score mark in years, and merely undertook the expedition for the love of rowing.

He used a craft built somewhat after the pattern of the lifeboats used at the beaches, although it was considerably lighter. Despite his years, Ten Eyck made time for which many younger oarsmen would envy him. On the last day of the trip up the Hudson, he left Coxsackie at 9 o'clock in the morning and reached Albany between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The distance between Coxsackie and Albany is approximately twenty miles, which can hardly be regarded as slow when it is considered that the man at the oars is more than 60 years old.

## LUMBER SCRAPS AT CAMPS BEING CONSERVED FOR FUEL

Soldiers in the National Army cantonments are aiding the United States Fuel Administration in its attempt to plug all fuel leaks. Brig. Gen. I. W. Littell, of the Quartermaster Corps, National Army, has assured Fuel Administrator Garfield that the odds and ends of lumber left from building cantonments, together with all other possible firewood, is being piled together and saved for camp fuel this winter.

Many people living near the cantonments have complained to the Fuel Administration that valuable fuel is being burned at the camps. When Administrator Garfield asked for an investigation by the War Department of these reported wastes he was assured that the fires which have caused so much unfavorable public comment have been very largely bonfires of stumps and brush and other material without fuel value.

The War Department has directed that all wood found near the cantonments which is in the least suitable for fuel be preserved for camp use this winter.

While the coal saving represented will not be great, yet it will swell the total which the Fuel Administration hopes to realize from the many small fuel savings which it is urging throughout the country as a means of replenishing the national coal hod at this time when additional coal in such huge quantities is needed for war work in factories and for the military activities of the railroads.

## THE LIGHTEST KNOWN WOOD

A new wood, apparently little known and called balsa wood, is exceedingly light and promises to have an extended field of usefulness in connection with cold storage structures when heat insulation is important. It is a tropical wood growing principally in the States of South and Central America.

According to the Scientific American the wood is remarkable, first, as to its lightness; second, as to its microscopical structure; third, for its absence of woody fiber; fourth, for its elasticity; and fifth, for its heat-insulating qualities. So far as the investigation has disclosed, it is the lightest commercially useful wood known. It has also considerable structural strength, which makes it suitable for many uses. In general appearance balsa wood resembles basswood. Until recently, Missouri cork wood, weighing 18.1 pounds per cubic foot, was believed to be the lightest, but recent investigations indicate that balsa wood is much lighter, having a net weight of 7.3 pounds per cubic foot. The ordinary commercial balsa wood is seldom perfectly dry, and, because of the moisture content, its weight has been found to be between eight and thirteen pounds per cubic foot.

The extreme lightness of this wood suggests its application as a buoyancy material in life-preservers and life-boats. When, however, it was attempted to apply the wood practically, it was found to be of little value, because it absorbed water in great quantities and also because it soon rotted and also warped and checked when worked. After testing nearly every method that had been suggested, Colonel Marr's method of treating woods which had been recently patented was finally successful. In this method the wood is treated in a bath, of which the principal ingredient is paraffin, by a process which coats the interior cells without clogging up the porous system. The paraffin remains as a coating or varnish over the interior cell walls, preventing the absorption of moisture and the ill-effects as to change of volume and decay which would otherwise take place; it also prevents the bad effects of dry rot which follow the application of any surface treatment for preserving wood of the same type. The Marr process tends to drive out all water and make the wood waterproof.



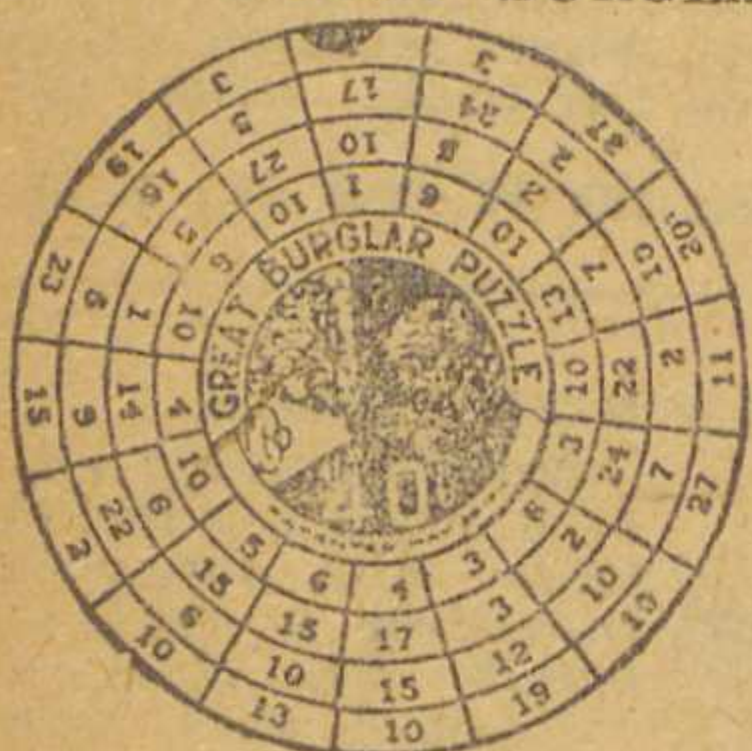
### BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 3 for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### GREAT BURGLAR PUZZLE.

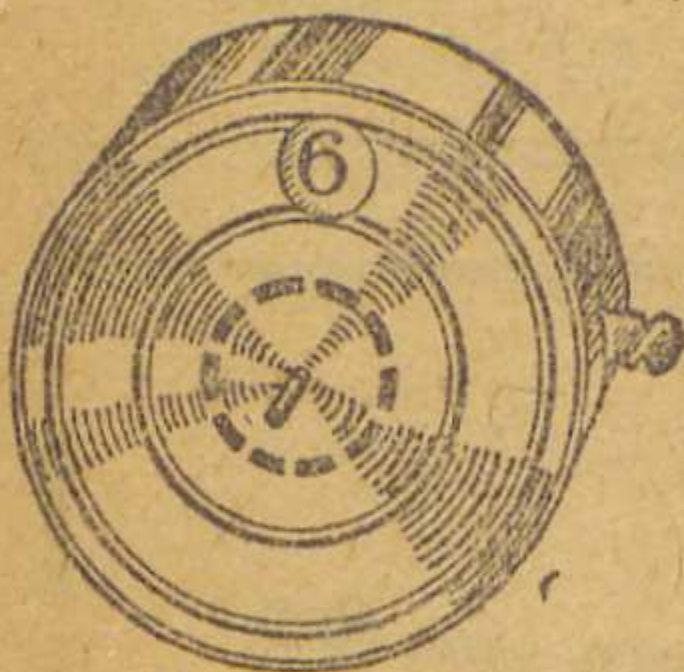


The latest and most fascinating puzzle ever placed on the market. Patented May 30. It consists of four revolving dials, each dial containing 16 figures, 64 figures in all. To open the safe these dials must be turned around until the figures in each of the 16 columns added together total 40. The puzzle is made on the plan of the combination lock on the large iron safes that open on a combination of figures. Persons have been known to sit up all night, so interested have they become trying to get each column to total 40. In this fascinating puzzle. With the printed key which we send with each puzzle the figures can be set in a few minutes so as to total 40 in each column.

Price 15 cents; mailed, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### THE AMUSEMENT WHEEL.



This handsome wheel, 7 1/4 inches in circumference, contains concealed numbers from 0 to 100. By spinning the wheel from the centerpost the numbers revolve rapidly, but only one appears at the circular opening when wheel stops spinning. It can be made to stop

instantly by pressing the regulator at side. You can guess or bet on the number that will appear, the one getting the highest number winning. You might get 0, 5 or 100. Price, 15 cents; 3 for 40 cents, mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

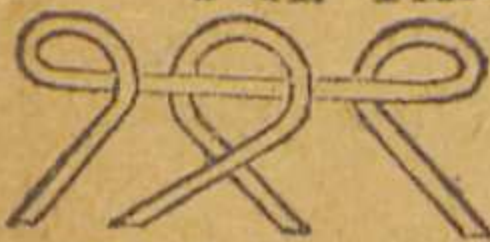
### GOOD LUCK GUN FOB.

The real western article carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather with a highly nickeled buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each, by mail postpaid.



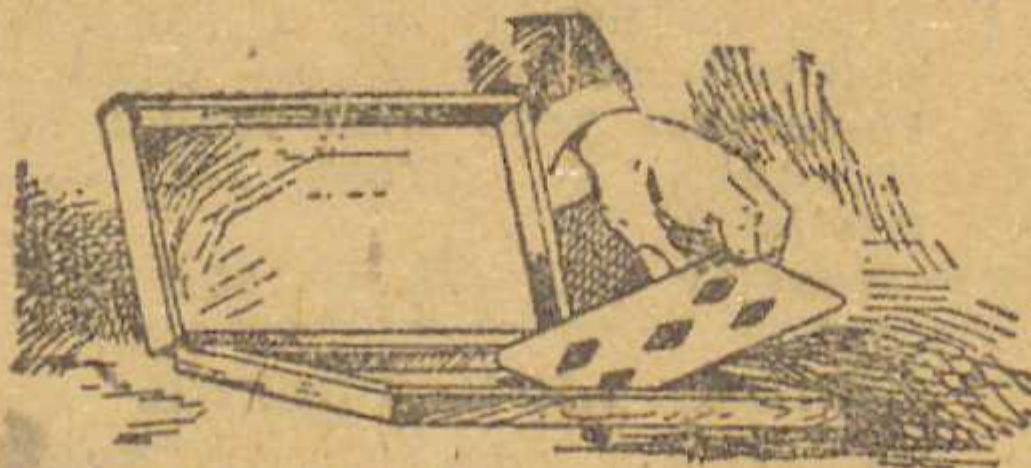
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### THE TANTALIZER PUZZLE.



Consists of one horizontal and one perpendicular piece of highly polished metal bent in such a manner that when assembled it seems utterly impossible to get them apart, but by following the directions it is very easily accomplished. This one is a brain twister. Price 10c. by mail, postpaid, with directions.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



**MAGIC CARD BOX.**—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

### WILLARD-JOHNSON PRIZE-FIGHT PUZZLE.



Four strips of cardboard, each three inches by one and a half inches, showing Willard and Johnson in various absurd postures. The solution in the puzzle lies in so arranging the strips that they show Willard in the complete picture, the heavy-weight champion. Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid, with directions.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

### RUBBER TACKS.



They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price, by mail, 10c. a box of six tacks; 3 for 25c., postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

### ELECTRIC CIGAR CASE.



This handsome cigar case appears to be filled with fine cigars. If your friend smokes ask him to have a cigar with you. As he reaches out for one the cigars, like a flash, instantly disappear into the case entirely out of sight, greatly to his surprise and astonishment. You can beg his pardon and state you thought there were some cigars left in the case. A slight pressure on sides of case causes the cigars to disappear as if by magic. By touching a wire at bottom of case the cigars instantly appear again in their proper position in the case. As real tobacco is used they are sure to deceive any one. It is one of the best practical jokes of the season. A novelty with which you can have lots of fun.

Price 35 cents, sent by parcel post, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

### POCKET SAVINGS BANK.

A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 15c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

\$ 2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of old Coins. Keep ALL money dated before 1895 and send Ten cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your Fortune. CLARKE COIN CO., Box 95, Le Roy, N. Y.

## "OTHERS"

The late General Booth's message to his Officers all over the world: "OTHERS"

There are numbers of poor folk in all our big cities who depend upon

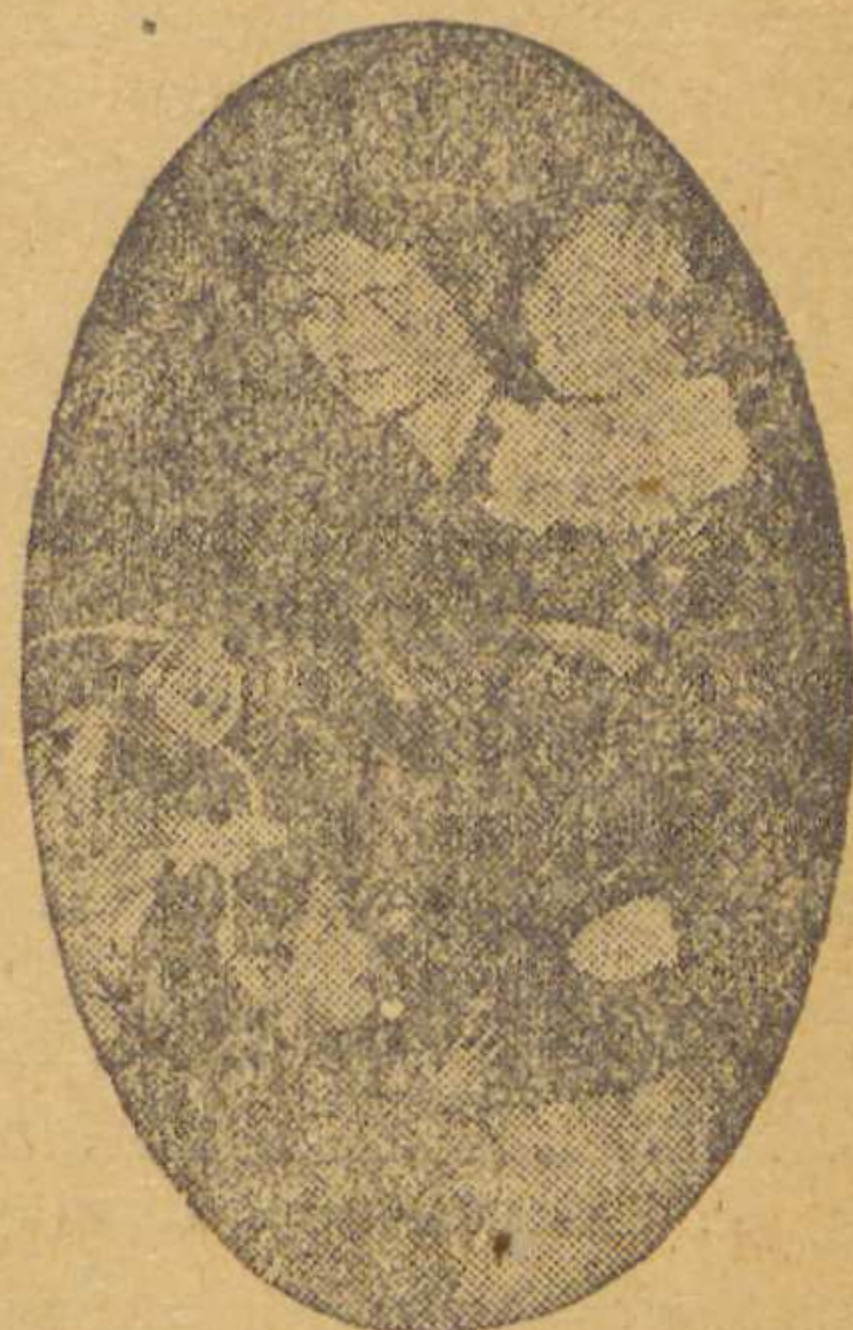
The Salvation Army

for assistance during the long Winter months.

Will You Help Us

Help "Others" less fortunate than yourself?

Send Your Gift to Commander Evangeline Booth  
120 West Fourteenth Street, New York City  
Or Commissioner Estill 108 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago



### AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCIL.



The importance of carrying a good reliable pencil need not be dwelt upon here. It is an absolute necessity with us all. The holder of this pencil is beautifully nickeled with grooved box-wood handle, giving a firm grip in writing; the pencil automatically supplies the lead as needed while a box of these long leads are given with each pencil. The writing of this pencil is indelible the same as ink, and thus can be used in writing letters, addressing envelopes, etc. Bills of account or invoices made out with this pencil can be copied the same as if copying ink was used. It is the handiest pencil on the market; you do not require a knife to keep it sharp; it is ever ready, ever safe, and just the thing to carry.

Price of pencil, with box of leads complete, only 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen 90c. postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### SNAPPER CIGAR.

The real thing for the cigar grafter. If you smoke you must have met him. He sees a few choice cigars in your pocket and makes no bones about asking you for one. You are all prepared for him this time. How? Take one of these cigars snappers (which is so much like a real cigar you are liable to smoke it yourself by mistake). Bend the spring back towards the lighted end, and as you offer the cigar let go the spring and the victim gets a sharp, stinging snap on the fingers. A sure cure for grafters. Price, by mail, ten cents each, postpaid, or three for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City

### BINGO.

It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent, but is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under any other article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box, or between the leaves of a magazine; also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a burglar alarm, as a theft preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, or under a door or window or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted. Price, 15c. each by mail, postpaid.

Frank Smith, 383 Lenox Ave., New York



#### TWO-CARD MONTE.



This famous trick gets them all. You pick up a card and when you look at it you find you haven't got the card you thought you had.

Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.  
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

#### MAGIC PENCILS.

The working of this trick is very easy, most startling and mystifying. Give the case and three pencils to any one in your audience with instructions to place any pencil in the case point upward and to close case and put the remaining two pencils in his pocket. You now take the case with the pencil in it and can tell what color it is. Directions how to work the trick with each set.

Price 25 cts. each by mail, postpaid.  
Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

#### THE HELLO PUZZLE



Can you get the ring off? This puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you know how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### NUT AND BOLT PUZZLE.



A very ingenious puzzle, consisting of a nut and bolt with a ring fastened on the shank, which cannot be removed unless the nut is removed. The question is how to remove the nut. Price, 15c, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

#### IMITATION CUT FINGER.



A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price 10c. each, postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

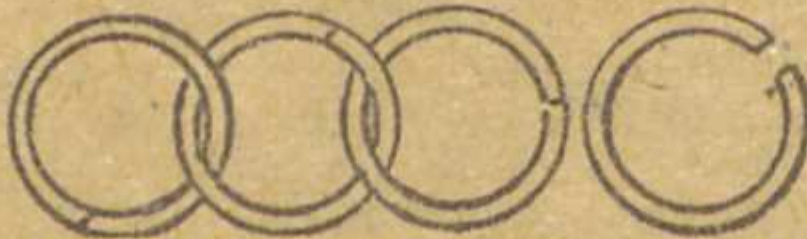
#### THE KAZOO.



Made in the exact shape of a submarine. With this comical little instrument you can give a bride and groom one of the finest serenades they ever received. Or, if you wish to use it as a ventriloquist, you will so completely change your voice that your best friend will not recognize it. Price, 12c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

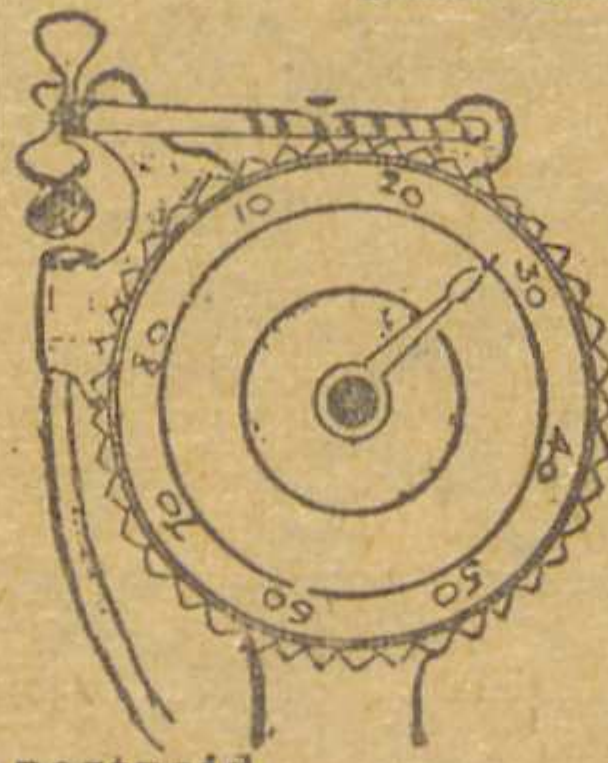
#### MAGIC LINK PUZZLE.



A number of rings. The scheme is to link them together just exactly the same way magicians link their hoops. It looks dead easy. But we defy anybody to do it unless they know the secret. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

#### THE LUNG TESTER.



We have here one of the greatest little novelties ever produced, with this instrument you can absolutely test the strength of your lungs. It has an indicator which clearly shows you the number of pounds you can blow. Lots of fun testing your lungs. Get one and see what a good blower you are. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

#### THE RUBBER DAGGER.



On account of the war we have substituted this novelty for the Magic Dagger. It is eight inches in length, made to look exactly like a steel weapon and would deceive almost anybody at whom you might thrust it. But as the blade is made of rubber, it can do no injury. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre Street, Brooklyn, New York.

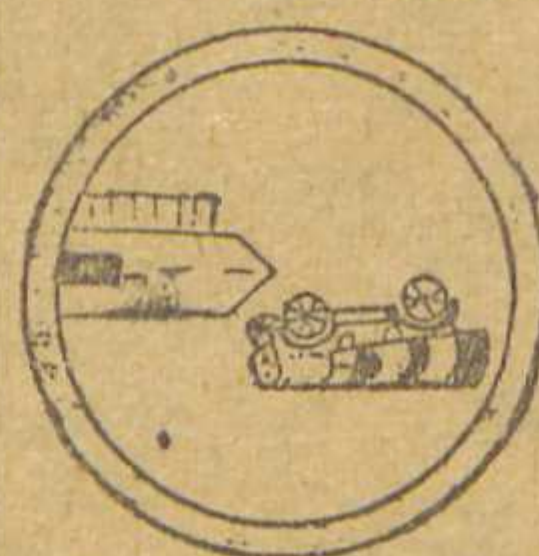
#### THE WAR FOUNTAIN PEN.



A very handsome fountain pen case to which is attached a pocket holder neatly made of metal and highly nickel-plated. When your friend desires the use of your pen and gets it, he is very much astonished when he removes the cap by the sudden and loud noise of the explosion that occurs, and yet a little paper cap does it all. Price, 35c, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

#### JITNEY BUS GAME.



A circular metal box with a glass top. Inside is a tiny garage fixed at one side and a loose traveling little Ford. It requires an expert to get the swiftly moving auto into the garage. This one grabs your interest, holds it, and almost makes you

wild when you find after repeated trials how hard it is to do the trick. Price 12c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

#### ROUGH RIDER DISC PISTOL.



Made of nicely colored wood 5½ inches long. The power is furnished by rubber bands. Ten discs of cardboard with each pistol. Price, 6c. each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

#### FORTUNE TELLING CARDS.

The most comical fortune telling cards ever issued. Every one a joke that will arouse screams of laughter. They are shuffled, and one is drawn—red for ladies, white for gentlemen. On the drawn card is a mirth-provoking picture, and a few words revealing your fortune. Price 5c., sent by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLOTS AND PLAYERS

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